

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 817

JULY 25, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

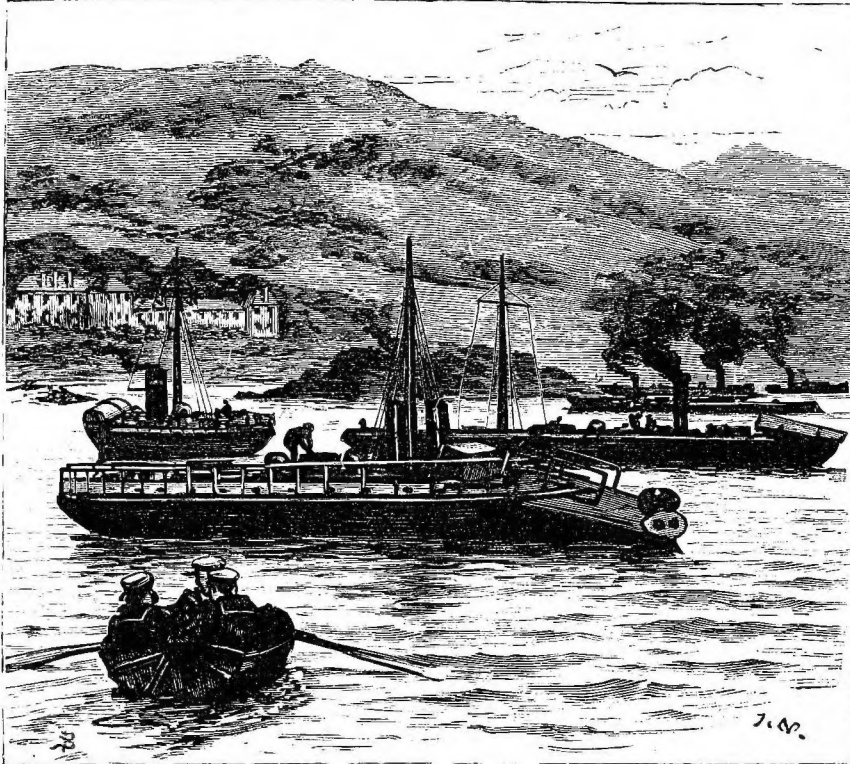
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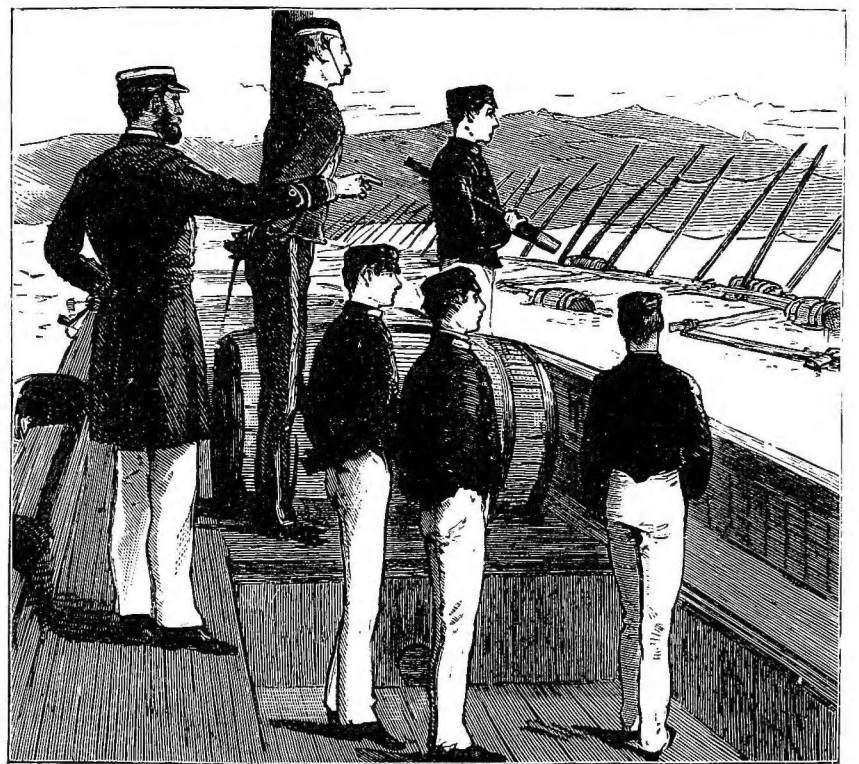
ÉDITION
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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885

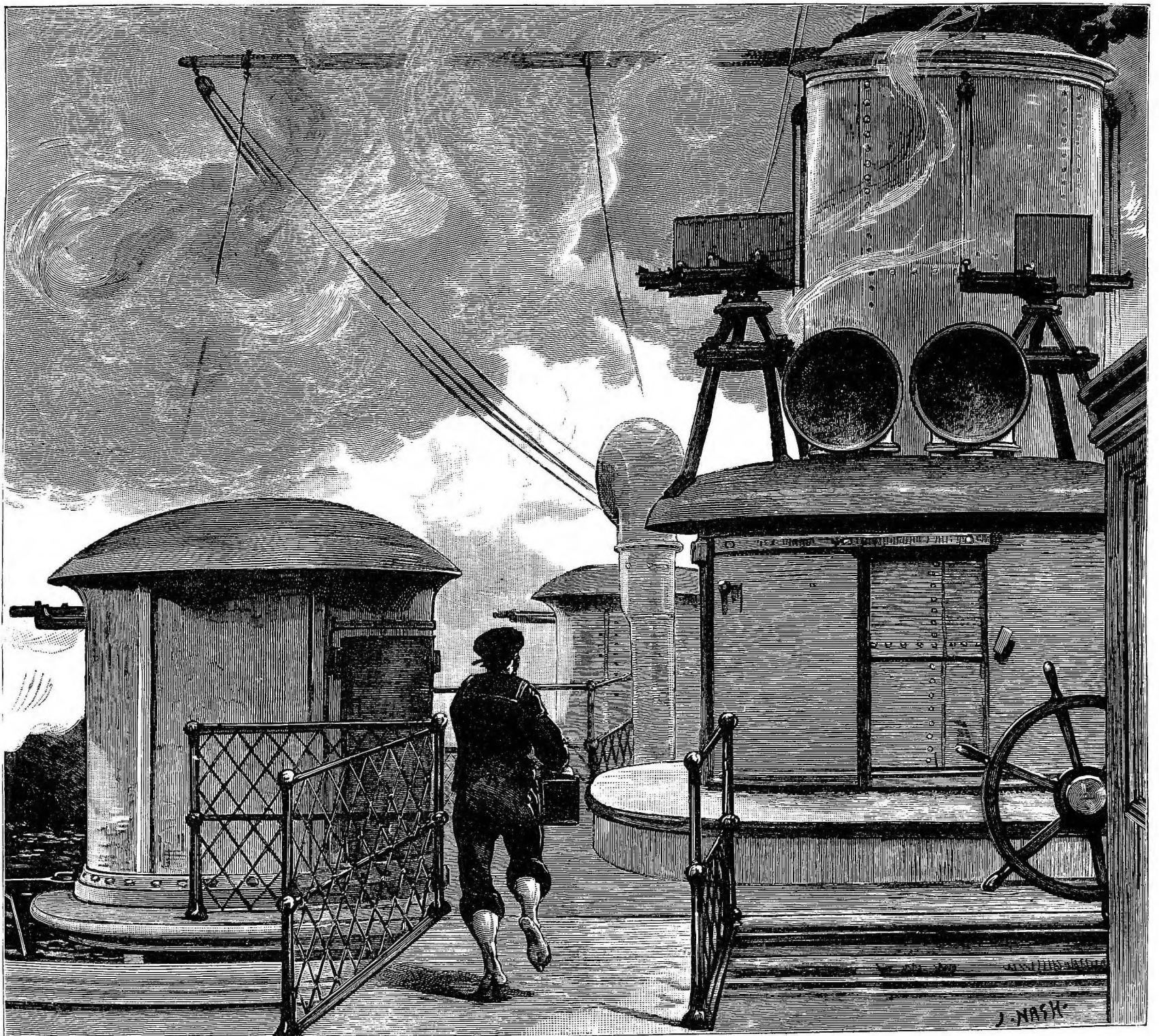
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TORPEDO BOATS OFF DUTY



AFTER THE NIGHT ATTACK—A LECTURE ON "BOOMERY"



THE "POLYPHEMUS" IN ACTION (ALL THE MEN ARE HIDDEN WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE OR TWO POWDER-MONKEYS)

THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

CONSERVATIVES AND THE CROFTERS.—In his speech at Chiswick the other day Sir Charles Dilke expressed much regret that the Government have not attempted to pass the Crofters' Bill. He shared, he said, the apprehensions of Mr. Gladstone with regard to the danger of disturbance in the Western Highlands. If the Conservatives have no intention of dealing with the question in the event of their obtaining a majority in the General Election, they have certainly committed a profound mistake in dropping the measure introduced by the late Ministry. That the Crofters have real and very serious grievances is not disputed. The fact was clearly brought out by the Royal Commission by which their condition was investigated, and the best class of landowners not only admit that "something must be done," but are trying to discover whether, apart from the action of Parliament, they themselves cannot settle the difficulty on their own estates. The true reason why the Government did not go on with the Crofters' Bill may be, not that they propose to leave the question alone, but that they think a better solution of the problem may be suggested. The Bill, satisfactory enough as far as it went, would not have been accepted as a final settlement. The Crofters are of opinion that Parliament will not do them justice if it merely gives them security of tenure, fair rents, and compensation for improvements. They also demand more land, with the means of stocking it, and some of them maintain that it should be made as easy for them as for Irish tenants to become the owners of their holdings. It is possible that the Conservative leaders agree with these views, and that if they continue in office they will give effect to their convictions by introducing a more thorough measure than that of the Gladstone Government. Some time ago this would not have seemed very probable; but no one can say to-day that it is unlikely, considering the policy which the Tory Ministry have adopted with regard to Ireland. If they are really considering the question in a generous spirit, the sooner the fact is made known the better; for there may be much trouble in the Highlands unless the people are persuaded that, whatever Government may be in power, their interests will not be neglected.

"DE PAR LE ROI PARNELL."—Every careful mother knows that when a preternatural silence prevails in the nursery the children are probably engaged in some act of mischief. The parallel perhaps scarcely applies to the attitude of the Parnellite party in the House of Commons at the present time, because the reasons for their remarkable amiability are palpable to every one. It was their vote which brought the Conservatives into power; and, as the Government, like most minority Governments, have thus far shown themselves eminently squeezable, especially as regards Irish affairs, the word has been passed along the line that annoyance and obstruction shall, for a season at least, be suspended. And surely our Ministers fully merit this negative expression of gratitude. Have they not, despite the warnings of the ex-Viceroy, refused to renew the Coercion Act; have they not undertaken to reopen the Maamtrasna Inquiry; are they not planning how—without establishing too hazardous a precedent—they can give some aid to the shareholders of the Munster Bank; are they not discussing a Land Purchase Bill, which though denounced by the redoubtable Michael Davitt as a bribe to the landlords, will really, in the opinion of competent and impartial judges, be chiefly beneficial to occupiers? It is true that there are a good many Conservatives of the more old-fashioned type who are by no means satisfied with this policy of surrender. But, even looking at the matter from the low point of expediency, it is difficult to see what else the Ministry could do. Everybody regards the Crimes Act as an unpleasant business. Members are shortly going to face new and hitherto unexplored constituencies. It is therefore just possible that even if Lord Salisbury had proposed the renewal of the Act, he would have been defeated by a combination of Ultra-Liberals and Parnellites. But, beyond the question of expediency, some influential members of the Government, notably Lord Randolph Churchill, are zealous believers in Tory Democracy, and to those who hold such views there is no inconsistency in the Irish policy thus far displayed by the Conservative leaders.

THE SIEGE OF KASSALA.—After making due allowance for exaggeration, the Kassala garrison appear to have really gained a substantial victory over the besieging hordes. Major Chermide's telegram reports the deaths of 3,000 of the latter, and the capture of 1,000 oxen, 1,000 sheep, and 700 rifles. These are suspiciously round numbers, and it is quite possible that an odd cypher intruded itself here and there before the intelligence reached the telegraph. We trust that this mistake happened, if anywhere, in the number of the slain. We know from our experience with Osman Digma that it is of little consequence whether the Soudanese are slaughtered by the hundred or by the thousand. In either case, "they come up smiling for the next round," to use the language of the Prize Ring, and, as in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," "nobody seems a penny the worse" for their decimation.

So whether the Kassala folks slew 300 or 3,000, it is pretty certain that they were hemmed in again within a day or two, once more to fight against hunger. That has been the worst foe all along, and we trust, therefore, that the full 1,000 oxen and 1,000 sheep were brought within the walls. What feasting must have then taken place! For months previously the garrison had tasted nothing but pulse, and very little of that, their camels having been eaten long ago. It must have seemed like a foretaste of Paradise to them when mutton and beef became quite plentiful all of a sudden. The mutton may have been tough and rank, the beef tasteless and stringy, but we may depend upon it that the hungry warriors found a mighty relish in their kabobs and stews and other messes. And never did troops better deserve a feast. These men have held out, without extraneous assistance, for fully eighteen months, beating the Mahdi's cut-throats on repeated occasions, and resolutely refusing to surrender. Had the last Suakim Expedition only been sent to the relief of Kassala, it might have done something worth the doing. As it is, the brave Kassala Governor will assuredly meet the fate of heroic Tewfik Bey, of Sinkat, unless the Negus of Abyssinia can be induced to go to his help.

M. CLÉMENCEAU.—M. Clémenceau's speech at Bordeaux has attracted much attention in France, and it is said that he is now regarded both by the Royalists and by the Radicals as the coming man. If this be so, the political condition of France is likely to become more satisfactory than it has been during the last few years. The Opportunists have had an excellent opportunity of showing what they are capable of doing, and no one can pretend that the result has been creditable to them. They dragged the country into a costly and utterly useless war with China; and in Egypt they have done everything in their power to harass and weaken England without in the slightest degree promoting French interests. At home they have increased the alienation of the majority of the well-off classes from the Republic, while they have done nothing to win the confidence and respect of the mass of the people. The secret of their failure is that they seem to have no very definite political principles. They have carefully tried to trim their sails to the breeze, and, as they have found to their cost, the breeze has blown in very different directions from day to day. This timid political method is altogether repudiated by M. Clémenceau. He tells the country exactly what he wants, and promises that if ever he is in power he will resolutely carry out the policy to which he has frankly committed himself. Should his policy in course of time displease the majority of Deputies, he will make way for opponents with an equally clear view of their duty to themselves and to the nation. In short, M. Clémenceau wishes to introduce into France the political system which has for many a day existed in England; and there can be little doubt that it would be as beneficial to our neighbours as it has been to ourselves. It would tend to group French politicians into two great parties, and enable the country to foresee what would be the precise result of its action in the election of its representatives.

SEASON-TICKET FRAUDS.—It is well known that there are people who would hesitate to steal a purse, yet will appropriate an umbrella without a twinge of conscience; and, unless the world is more dishonest than is usually supposed, there are also a good many people who would not plunder a shopkeeper, but who do not mind robbing a railway company. Every now and then, at our various metropolitan stations, when the trains between 9 A.M. and 11 A.M. are discharging their crowded passenger-cargoes, such a scene as the following may be witnessed. A warning shout is raised by the officials at the barriers of "All tickets ready!" the object of the illused railway company being to discover who are *bonâ fide* season-ticket holders; and it is remarkable, as we have been assured by eye-witnesses, how many ticketless passengers are revealed when one of these unexpected raids takes place. The vast majority of them at once meekly offer to pay the fare, and the ticket collectors—we presume to save themselves bother—take the money, and no more is heard of the matter. Now we venture to think that, in every case where a passenger cannot produce a ticket, his name and address should be taken, and further inquiry made. If it arose from a mere act of inadvertence, he can readily clear himself. But if it appears that he travels every day by the line, and yet is unprovided with a season-ticket, he ought to be prosecuted rigorously. Just now, as often happens, the innocent are being punished for the guilty. Passengers are constantly being asked to show their "seasons," and, as most men (if they are good husbands and fathers) are encumbered with parcels, it is not easy in a jostling crowd to extract from an inner pocket the required document. Another "tip" for the railway companies. Why don't they make these investigations at the suburban rather than at the London station? The suburban station-masters and their myrmidons know all their regular travellers by sight, and if every now and then they were to ask any one of whom they felt doubtful to show his ticket before he entered or quitted the railway platform, they would catch their defaulters without inconveniencing the public at large.

MILLIONAIRES ON THE WAR PATH.—The great railroad war in the United States seems to be drawing to a conclusion. Mr. Vanderbilt still talks big, it is true, and the artful Jay

Gould shows no outward signs of becoming exhausted. Both, however, are painfully aware that the contest they have been amusing themselves with is terribly expensive even to millionaires. Just before the struggle began, Mr. Vanderbilt bragged, in his refined manner, that although the Duke of Westminster might equal him in wealth, the ducal income was far below his own by reason of the higher rate of interest afforded by his railway investments. The Yankee plutocrat would scarcely care to repeat that boast now. He and his family have been squeezed; so has Mr. Jay Gould; so, indeed, have most of the American railway kings. To carry goods and passengers at a dead loss may be philanthropic, but it is not business, and so when business men indulge in the folly they are apt to find their capital melt away. So far as it is possible to understand the present stage of this Titanic war, it has come to be a duello between two gigantic "systems"—the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. Each covers, with its affiliated lines, an immense stretch of territory, and in other respects they are pretty equally matched. But what are they fighting about? That is hard to say; perhaps, if the truth were known, the gamblers of Wall Street keep the game alive in order to profit by the rapid ups and downs of the market. Ostensibly, however, the New York Central wishes to get control of a certain line for which the Pennsylvania also has a longing, and although the bone of contention is absolutely worthless at present, the competitors are tugging and riving at it as if their very existences depended on success, at the same time cutting rates against one another in the most delightfully suicidal manner. Compromise is beginning to be talked of, however, and although Jay Gould continues selling down the market, all appearances tend to indicate that the end is not far off. The combatants will then be at leisure to count the cost of trying to cut one another's throats.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Mr. Plunket deserves much credit for the promptitude with which he has taken measures to secure the safety of the National Portrait Gallery. If he is in office in the next Parliament, he will propose that a suitable building shall be erected for the collection; and in the mean time he has requested the Science and Art Department to exhibit the pictures in the Bethnal Green Museum. Now, therefore, the question may be regarded as settled; for, whether Mr. Plunket remains in his present position or not, Parliament cannot decline, after what he has said and done, to provide the means necessary for the accomplishment of his scheme. That so splendid a collection should have been housed in a wretched shed is one of the strangest facts even in this country of anomalies; and we may be sure that many a foreigner, in wandering through the rooms, has wondered whether modern Englishmen know how to appreciate Art, or have any real interest in their own history. A more magnificent national collection of portraits does not exist in Europe, and it may be hoped that when it is displayed in a proper building it will attract a very much larger number of visitors. It ought to fascinate every one who has the slightest knowledge of what has been done by the great men and women of England in past times. Why do not teachers in schools and colleges make more use of these priceless pictures? The Gallery represents four centuries of English history; and a visit to it would give students far more vivid ideas than any that can be obtained by merely reading books or listening to lectures.

THE CHOLERA IN SPAIN.—For some reason or other the present outbreak of cholera in Spain has attracted less attention in this country than did the successive epidemics in Egypt, in Southern France, and in Naples. Perhaps this indifference arises from a belief that, having escaped thus far, these islands will escape altogether. We are loth to utter any forecast on such a subject. The only thing we know for certain is that the cholera is very capricious in its movements. Last year it confined its attacks chiefly to seaport towns, with several remarkable exceptions. There was a sudden outbreak in Paris, and another in a Norman fishing-village, the epidemic in the latter case being, it was confidently affirmed, imported in clothing, which must have become infected at Marseilles. The Spanish outbreak is in some respects more alarming than that of Italy or Southern France. It is spread over a wide tract of country, it is still extending, and the percentage of deaths as compared with recoveries is very high. Men of science are very sceptical about Dr. Ferran's alleged inoculation panacea. All the more, because he refused to give the French surgeons proper facilities for investigating it. Little is known as to the action of the local authorities in the infected districts. The disease seems, as is often the case in India, to have followed the river-courses, and confined itself chiefly to level and alluvial tracts. Those cases which have occurred in hilly regions consist, it is alleged, of refugees from the plague-stricken centres. Judging from Indian experience, an abundant supply of water beyond suspicion of taint would do more to check the malady than anything else; and, in a mountainous country like Spain, and with all Europe abounding in skilled engineers, it would not be difficult to tap fresh sources, and convey the liquid in comparatively inexpensive channels. It is worth taking some trouble and spending some money to try and stop a pestilence which is slaying the Spanish people at the rate of nearly half a million per annum.

NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION.—Is there not some danger of the gardens at South Kensington being completely swallowed up next year by the show? The Royal Horticultural Society offer their co-operation and assistance to exhibitors to "illustrate" the Colonial courts with specimens of the indigenous flora peculiar to each. They also suggest that collections of ornamental and economic plants in a growing state "would be of much interest and value." No doubt they would; but where is the space to come from? According to all accounts, the Indian and Colonial exhibits will require more room than is available in the present buildings; and, if they are to be "illustrated" with banyan trees, mango trees, blue gum trees, and the cocoa-nut palm, the whole of the gardens will have to be covered in. Besides, when once this business of giving local colouring to the courts begins, we do not see where it will end. Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, will next come forward, we expect, with a suggestion that a banyan tree without monkeys climbing amongst its branches would not give the British public a true idea of the genuine article. Then, what would the Australian courts be without the gentle platypus and the endearing wombat, not to mention that bounding brother of the prairie, the kangaroo? If we are going to work out the idea of "illustration," let us, at all events, do the thing thoroughly while we are about it. Perhaps the catering contractors might object to tigers and leopards, these animals being culpably careless in the matter of payment for refreshments. That difficulty might be obviated, however, by handing over the refreshment department to the Vegetarian Society, with strict injunctions to have bills of fare in Bengali put up outside every dining room. On the whole, it may be as well to leave local colouring alone. The gardens are, to most people, the most enjoyable part of the exhibition; and, so long as they are not encroached upon, the public will be content even if the indigenous flora of Victoria does not hobnob with the economic plants of the Himalaya.

RAVENS COURT PARK.—Travellers to Kew Gardens and Richmond must often have noticed, immediately after passing the Shaftesbury Road Railway Station, a very beautiful park with a fine avenue of trees. An effort is now being made to secure this delightful piece of ground—Ravenscourt Park—for the people of the Hammersmith district. There is no part of Western London where a boon of this kind is so urgently needed. True, Kew Gardens are not very far off; but if working men and their families want to go there they must go by tramway or by railway, and in the vast majority of cases that simply means that they cannot go at all. The result of the want of some open space is that the people of Hammersmith, when the day's work is done, crowd into the High Street. This may be better than staying at home, but it is certainly not an ideal way of spending a lovely summer evening. If Ravenscourt Park were secured for the public, thousands of persons would resort to it daily in fine weather, and no one disputes that the privilege would tend to promote both the health and the happiness of the community. Might not some rich and generous person in the district take this opportunity of doing a great service to his poorer neighbours? As much has been done in many a provincial town, and it is hard to see why zeal for the common good should not be expressed in this particular way in London as well as in other cities. If there is no chance of the necessary funds being provided by private benevolence, it may be hoped that the public authorities will not hesitate to take action in the matter. The cost might be considerable; but few householders would object to a small addition to the rates for so excellent a purpose.

PERSECUTING LADIES.—Judging from the reports in the newspapers, there has been during the last few months an unusually abundant crop of these curious cases. The passionate love professed in these instances by the persecutors possesses no affinity to genuine affection, since it is capable of threatening to inflict, or even of inflicting, bodily injury on the darling object of its aspirations. Not long since a man, who had for years tormented a family in the most intolerable way, received exemplary punishment, because, fortunately, he had been foolish enough to threaten the young lady's life. In another case a besotted youth displayed his undying attachment to a school-girl by putting a revolver-bullet into her neck. In the complaint made before a magistrate last Monday by Lady Conyers and her daughter, no such outrage as this was alleged, but the persecution had gone on for many months. In fact, it is easy to see that if one of these cowardly fellows abstains from acts which are in themselves unlawful, he may carry on his game for a long time with impunity. There is no illegality in taking off one's hat to a lady, or in asking her a question, or in going to the same hotel as herself; yet a constant repetition of these acts may constitute an intolerable annoyance. Some one may say: "Why does not some male relative give the rascal a good hiding?" We'll there is not always at hand a male relative of the requisite pluck and muscularity, and decent folks are shy of taking the law into their own hands, and of being pulled up in a police court, or mulcted in heavy damages. Seeing, therefore, how difficult it is to bring these offenders to book, it is to be hoped that, when they are caught and convicted, an exemplary penalty will follow.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLERS.—At last the Football Association has recognised the logic of events by sanctioning

the employment of professionals under certain specified conditions. In this respect, therefore, the game will henceforth stand on the same footing as cricket, golf, tennis, and racquets. The only wonder is that the recognition of professional football players should have been so long delayed. The element—perhaps not altogether a desirable one—came into existence long ago, it being notorious that many of the great Northern clubs made it worth the while of exceptionally good players to join them. It is affirmed by some opponents of the professional that he plays brutally. That is not to be gainsayed, but we have an idea that a good many amateurs are quite equal to him in roughness. As now played among adults, football—especially the Rugby variety—must always be accompanied by a considerable amount of danger, and we doubt whether the introduction of the professional element will increase the peril in any sensible degree. When matters settle down on the new basis, we shall see, no doubt, matches between amateurs, matches between professionals, and mixed matches. The professionals are to be registered annually, thereby obviating all chance of dispute about the status of a player, and only these men are to be allowed to receive remuneration beyond railway and hotel expenses. In the case of cricket, rather substantial disbursements are sometimes made to gentlemen players for travelling expenses, and we should not be surprised if crack amateur footballers showed an equally elastic sense of what constitutes "remuneration." The Association would do well to be very particular on that head from the very first. It is unfair to both amateurs and professionals when a hybrid class springs up, claiming all the privileges of the former, but having the advantages of as much practice and of as high pay as the latter.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

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LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCE OF OLIVIA to-day (Saturday), at Two o'clock. The theatre will not be open on the evening of this day. Every Evening next week at 8.15 OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills (an episode in the "Vicar of Wakefield"), Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At a Quarter to Eight, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. BENEFIT OF MISS ELLEN TERRY, THURSDAY, JULY 30, and Last Night of Performance until Saturday, September 5, when the theatre will reopen with OLIVIA. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8 will be played the Comedietta, by C. M. Rae, FIRST IN THE FIELD, followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.40, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton. Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. MONDAY and TUESDAY, OTHELLO; WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, THE LADY OF LYONS; FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MACBETH. Misses Grey, Dalmagne, Mannes, Howe, Pettifer, Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algenon Symonds, Newbold, Bigwood, Reynolds, Lewis, Stephenson. INCIDENTALS. The Wonderful Pavenclas, Sam Redfern, Fred Lay. Concluding with DING DONG WILL.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, South Kensington, 1885. PATRON: H.M. the QUEEN. PRESIDENT: H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC. Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. Military Bands Daily, and the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna. EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fetes Wednesdays and Saturdays. INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, now rendered the coolest Hall in London. IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE DORE GALASSY MINSTRELS' NEW and CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT, Which will be repeated. EVERY NIGHT, at Eight, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three also. Third Week of the Engagement of that Great American Humourist, Mr. CHARLES SUTTON. His New Lecture received with the most enthusiastic marks of approval and Roars of Laughter. Fautouls, 3s.; Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1885.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER. The two Grand Historical paintings by F. SARGENT, contain upwards of 350 portraits from special sittings. On view at 175, New Bond Street, Ten to Six. Admission One Shilling.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—EVENING EXHIBITION.—The EXHIBITION will be OPEN in the Evening from MONDAY, July 27, to MONDAY, August 3 (Bank Holiday) from half past 7 to half past 10. Admission 6d. Catalogue 6d. On the Bank Holiday the admission throughout the day will be 6d., on other days it will be as usual.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Dore's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168 New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

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THE MISSING BOATS. R. H. CARTER.
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GOODWOOD RACES.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
SATURDAY, JULY 25th, and MONDAY, JULY 27th. SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant (for Hayling Island), Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).
SPECIAL TRAINS, for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25th, at 7.50 a.m., and 6.30 p.m., and Monday, July 27th, at 6.45 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.
Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.
ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Kensington 7.10 a.m., Victoria 7.30 a.m., London Bridge 7.35 a.m. (Return Fares, 2s. 6d., 16s., and 10s. 10d.)
A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Kensington 8.40 a.m., Victoria 9.0 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. (Return Fares 25s. and 20s.)
AN EXTRA SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. (Return Fare, 30s.)
FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race Meetings.—First Class Tickets (not transferable), available from Saturday, July 25th, to Saturday, August 8th, inclusive.—Price Five Pounds.
Tickets for the Special Trains, also the Fortnightly Tickets, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; and at the West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which offices will remain open till 10.0 p.m., on July 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 1st, and August 1st.
(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a Portrait of the RIGHT HON. EARL SPENCER K.G., Drawn from Life.



THE PARTICULAR SERVICE SQUADRON IN IRELAND

AFTER their arduous duties during the week in Bantry Bay, the Torpedo Squadron, under Commander Payne-Gallwey, was given a holiday from Saturday to Monday to visit Glengarriff. It was a novel and pretty sight to see such small war-craft lying in the little harbour. The hard campaigning fare of bully beef, jam, and biscuit, that the officers had more or less endured on duty, was changed for a time to the more palatable food of Eccles Hotel. Surrounded by the most delightful scenery, this hostelry is more like a country mansion, with its old library of the latest interesting literature; its grand dining room, quite a gallery of original and some excellent copies of the Old Masters; and last, but not least, the genial and attentive hostess in her pretty little drawing-room.

THE "POLYPHEMUS" IN ACTION

H.M.S. "POLYPHEMUS" is a torpedo ejector, torpedo boat chaser, and ironclad rammer. All her machine-guns are under cover of bullet-proof towers, the only men necessarily exposed being the powder-monkeys running hither and thither with the cartridges.

A LECTURE ON "BOOMERY"

DURING the making of the boom, and after the great attack, the respective war-ships of the Squadron sent a contingent of middies with an instructor to lecture on "boomery." Our sketch represents Lieutenant Bearcroft explaining to the gun-room officers of H.M.S. Sultan how the boom defence is lashed together.

TYPES OF ASIATIC PEOPLES

BY BASIL VERESCHAGIN

THESE engravings are selected by permission from a handsome volume containing upwards of a hundred studies by the famous Russian artist, and published by A. Beggrow, 4, Newsky Prospect, St. Petersburg. The book is entitled "Turkestan," but it is not strictly confined to that region as regards the nationalities illustrated. Vereschagin is a man of the keenest powers of observation, and whenever in the bazaars or elsewhere he saw a face of artistic interest, down it went in his note-book. In the chief gathering-places of Turkestan, as elsewhere in the world, strangers are to be found mingled with the native inhabitants, and hence, if not exactly "Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia," the artist has here grouped together Afghans, Tartars, Jews, Gipsies, and what he rather loosely styles "Indians." For in India proper the word "Indian" is rarely or never uttered by persons accustomed to the country, as every people or tribe has its own distinctive name.

Some years ago we published Vereschagin's portrait, and many will remember a noteworthy collection of pictures by him, exhibited, if we remember rightly, at the Crystal Palace, and depicting, with uncompromising fidelity, incidents at once picturesque and terrible of the Russian campaigns in Central Asia. He was born in 1842 at Novgorod, where his father was a well-to-do country gentleman. From his earliest years he showed a passion for drawing; but for awhile, in accordance with his father's wishes, he served in the Marines. Ultimately, however, he resolved to devote himself altogether to art, and studied under Gérôme, in Paris. He was a devotee to realism, and spent his vacations in the far East of Europe, and even in Persia. In 1867 he accompanied General Kauffmann in his campaign against the Turkomans in Central Asia; in 1873 he explored British India; and in 1877 he went through the Russo-Turkish War, an artist in name, but in fact a soldier. In endeavouring to fix a torpedo to a Turkish craft he was severely wounded; but recovered, and painted all the chief scenes of that terrible conflict. Since that date he has lived chiefly in France, at Maisons-Laffitte. He passes a very retired life, with no one but his wife to share his solitude.

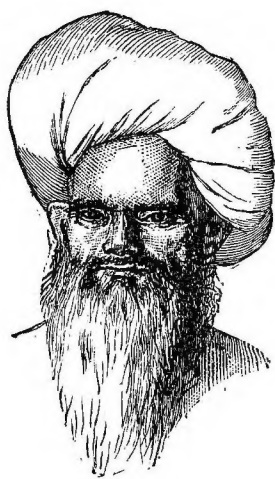
MERAN, SOUTH TYROL

"MERAN, South Tyrol," writes the correspondent to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "is a favourite resort of Austrians, Germans, and Russians during the cool months of the year, chiefly on account of the dryness of its climate and the absence of wind. The natural features of both the town and its surroundings are picturesque, and every advantage has been taken by the Committee of the Kurhaus to lay out sheltered and sunny walks for the benefit of the visitors.

"Old castles are numerous both in and around Meran; many of them have recently been restored, and converted into modern



GIPSY



INDIAN



INDIAN



AFGHAN



INDIAN



JEWESS



JEW



MONGOLIAN

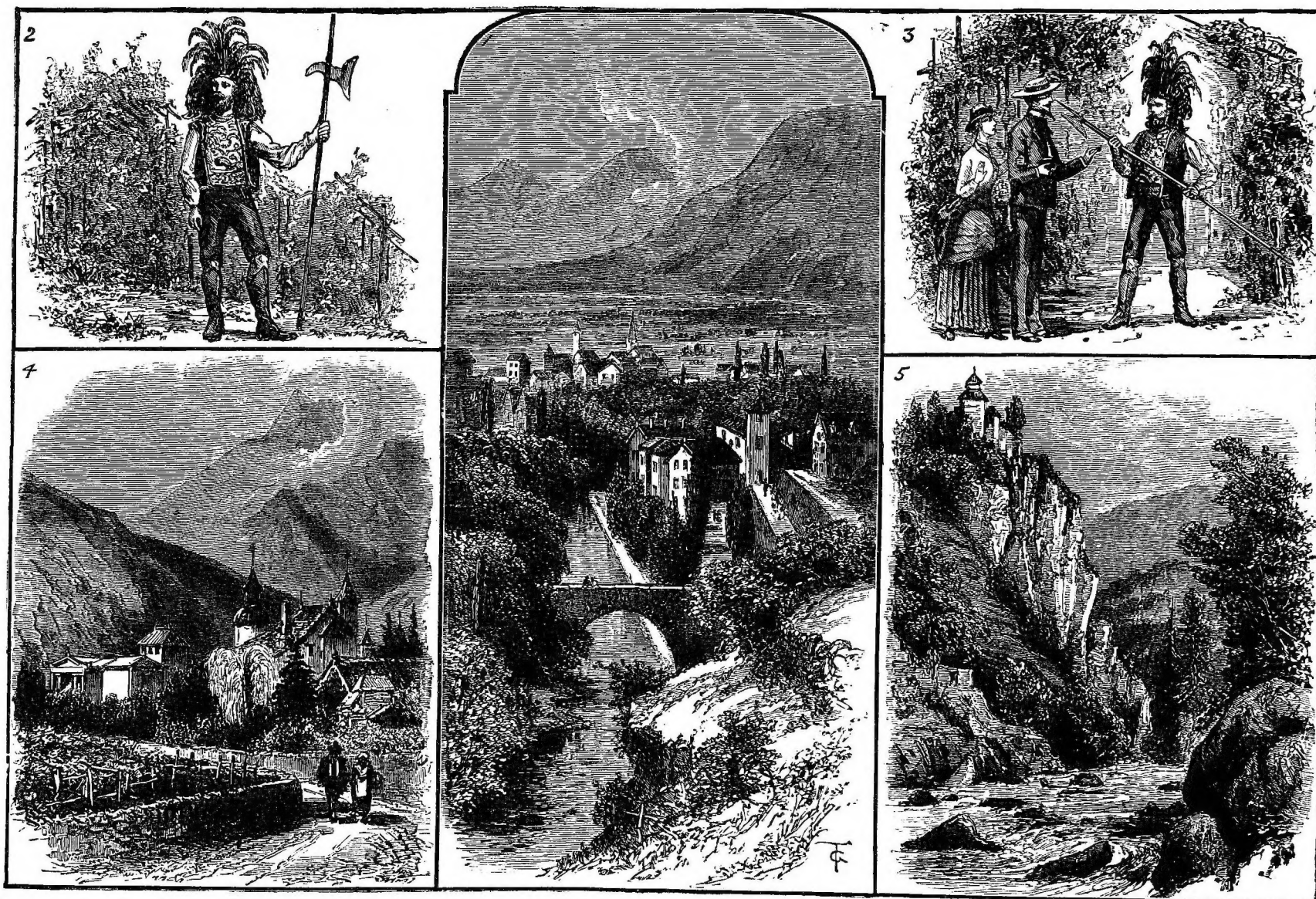


JEW



ARAB

TYPES OF ASIATIC PEOPLES
FROM SKETCHES BY BASIL VERESCHAGIN



1. The Town and Roman Bridge.—2. "Saltner," or Vineyard Warder.—3. "Saltner" Demanding his Tobacco-Money.—4. In the Suburbs of Meran.—5. Castle of Zenoberg
MERAN, A FAVOURITE RESORT IN TYROL

Princess Louis of Battenberg

Duchess of Connaught

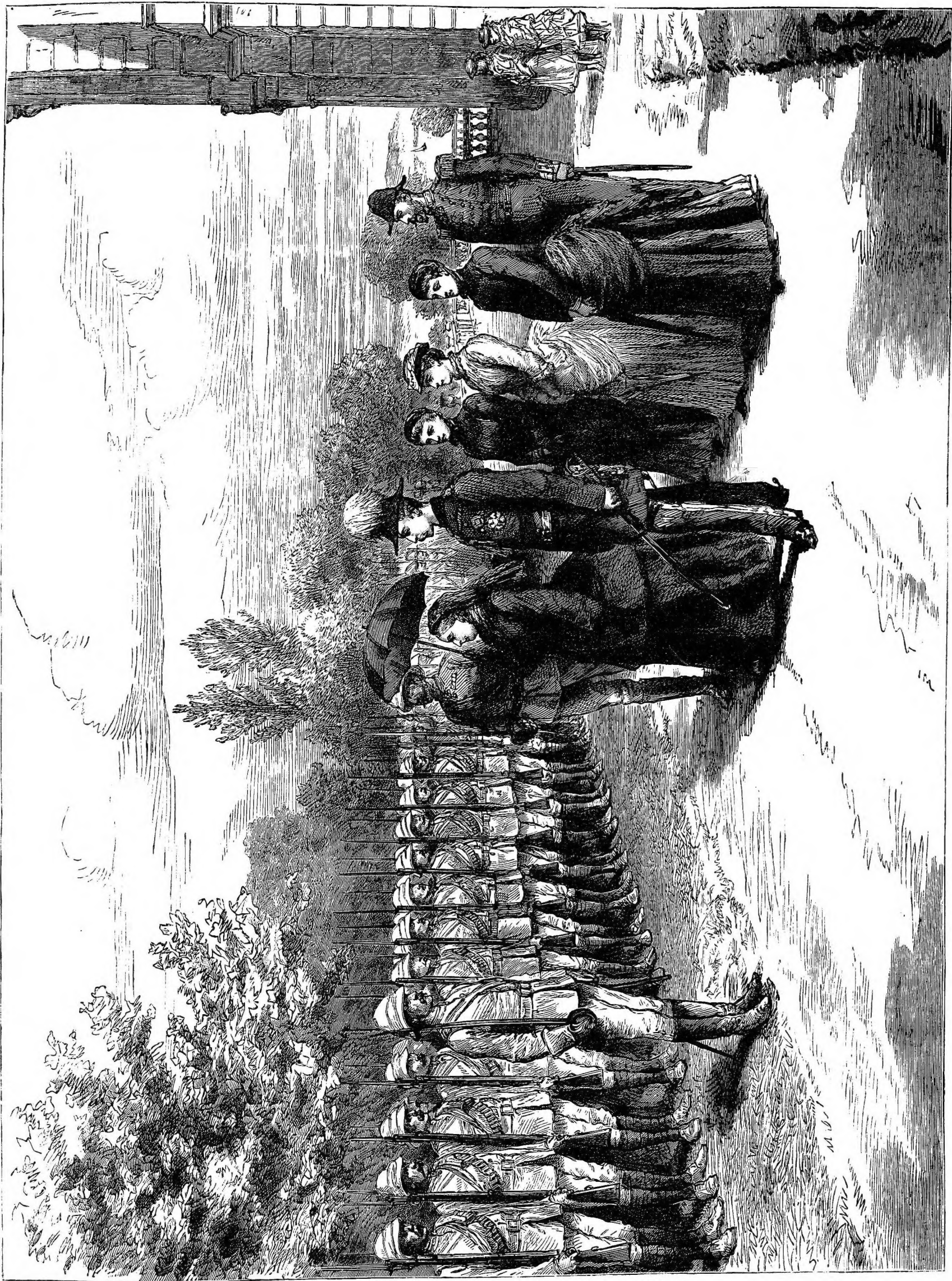
Duke of Connaught

The Queen

Prince Louis of Battenberg

Princess Beatrice

THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE CAMEL CORPS, FROM THE SOUDAN AT OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT



lodging-houses, but some have been spared by the reformer, and still retain their rugged picturesque beauty. Of these, Schloss Zenoberg is one. It was originally of Roman construction, and has been a ruin since the middle of the fourteenth century. It stands at the upper end of the town, on a high rocky hill, overhanging the River Passer.

"A little below this castle is the stone bridge, also said to have been built by the Romans, but restored as occasion required, and still in excellent working order. On each side of the river below this bridge are the principal promenades.

"The variety of style of the houses about Meran is pretty and interesting, old schlosses, Greek temples, vineyards, &c., being oddly but tastefully mixed up together. Vineyards abound in the neighbourhood, and in the autumn the 'Grape Cure' is held in great esteem.

"The vineyards are carefully watched and looked after by certain guardians called 'Saltner,' who are on duty night and day whilst the grapes are coming on, but what marauders are expected it would be hard to say, for the Tyrolese are about the most honest people in the world. Their dress is startling—a high triangular hat, made of cocks' feathers and the tails of squirrels and foxes; leather jacket, with a profusion of bear's tusks and silver chains, decorating the white fronts of their shirts; short breeches, showing the bare knee; a halberd in hand, and pistol at the waist.

"Possibly the stranger is looked on with suspicion, for it is no uncommon thing, when walking along some of the quiet pathways in the neighbourhood of the vineyards, to be suddenly brought to a standstill by the apparition of one of these stalwart guardians barring the road with his halberd, and then demanding five kreuzers from each person as tobacco-money. This he is permitted by the law to claim."

INSPECTION OF THE CAMEL CORPS BY THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE

THE transport *Australia*, which left Alexandria on July 3rd with the Heavy Camel Corps and the Guards' Camel Corps (in all 32 officers and 555 men), arrived off Cowes on the evening of Tuesday, July 14th. Early next morning the troops were landed at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, and marched to Osborne, for the purpose of being inspected there by Her Majesty.

On reaching the ground at Osborne the troops, headed by the band, proceeded to the terrace, and were met on the way by a carriage containing Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Having been formed in line in open column the troops presented arms, whereupon the Queen left the carriage and made a close inspection of the ranks, walking the entire length of the line. The men were paraded in their campaigning kits, the Heavies in khakee, and the Guards' Corps in scarlet. They looked sunburnt, healthy, and soldierlike. The parade was by no means of a holiday character. The kits were in many cases dilapidated and the helmets discoloured, the whole appearance of the men testifying to hard work and privations. After the inspection all the officers were called to the front, and each was personally presented to Her Majesty. Then the Queen expressed her high appreciation of the services they had rendered, and welcomed their safe return home. The troops were afterwards marched to the pier, where the Queen had thoughtfully provided luncheon for the officers and men. The re-embarkation having been effected by means of the gunboats, the *Australia* arrived in Portsmouth Harbour about 3 P.M.

As the Camelry is a new force in the British Army, and is, strictly speaking, neither Cavalry nor Infantry, a special flag has been invented for it, representing a black camel rampant on a white ground. As the "trooper" hove in sight, this emblem was visible at her fore-truck.

ROYAL VISIT TO LEEDS AND PRESTON

In our issue of last week we gave a fully-illustrated history of Leeds, and also a short account of the visit there of the Prince and Princess of Wales on July 15th. It will suffice therefore now if we say a few words in explanation of the incidents of which we this week publish engravings.

On their arrival in Leeds the Royal party were first conducted to the Town Hall. The procession thither included a number of mounted police, an escort of the Yorkshire Hussars, and carriages containing members of the Corporation and of the Reception Committee of the Yorkshire College. On reaching the Town Hall the Mayor took charge of the Princess, while the Prince escorted the Mayoress. Then the Town Clerk read an address, to which the Prince replied, a second address being afterwards presented from the Leeds Masonic Lodges, to which the Prince, as Grand Master, made a cordial response.

The chief business of the day was the opening of the Yorkshire College. Of this building and its objects we gave a full account last week. Their Royal Highnesses were welcomed in the reception-hall by a distinguished assemblage, comprising Yorkshire M.P.'s, Yorkshire Mayors, and sundry representatives of county families. Prayers were offered by the Archbishop of York, who laid the foundation stone of the College in 1877. Then Lord Ripon, the President of the College, asked the Prince if he would receive an address on behalf of the College, and H.R.H. assenting, the Principal read an address, and Sir Edward Baines made an interesting statement as to the origin and growth of the College. In his reply the Prince of Wales said:—"We have inspected with considerable interest the various lecture-rooms and laboratories over which you have conducted us, and we have had much satisfaction in acceding to your request to declare this valuable addition to the science and art of the country open. I declare the Yorkshire College now open." This statement was received with loud and prolonged cheering, after which the company dispersed.

On July 16th, the Prince of Wales left Studley Royal (Lord Ripon's seat), where he had been staying, for Lathom Hall, near Ormskirk, where he became Lord Lathom's guest. The chief object of his coming to Lathom Hall was to visit Preston while the Royal Agricultural Society was holding its meeting in the Moor Park. "Proud Preston," the most picturesque of all the Lancashire manufacturing towns, put on additional robes of beauty for the occasion, her buildings and thoroughfares being handsomely decorated with arches and flags, while the streets were crowded both with inhabitants and excursionists. After being welcomed at the Public Hall, the Prince drove to the Royal Show Ground, where he was conducted down the central avenue of the Show Yard, and inspected the working dairy.

On Friday, July 17th, the Prince again came into Preston from Ormskirk, and was conducted by the Mayor to the Public Hall, where he received an address and a case of fabrics made in the town, presented by Mr. Cowell and Mr. Harris, in the name of 20,000 workpeople. In his reply, after thanking them for the presents he had received, H.R.H. spoke of the efforts of the late Prince Consort to encourage the cotton industry. He then drove to the Show Ground, inspected the prize cattle, and visited the Pavilion of the Dominion of Canada. But the most important function which the Prince came to perform was the laying of the foundation stone of the Albert Edward Dock. This dock, which is being constructed by Mr. T. A. Walker, of Great George Street, Westminster, from the plans of Mr. Garlick, of Preston, will be of great importance to North Lancashire. It is forty acres in extent, and, including the deepening of the approaches from the sea, will cost about 500,000*l.* It should be completed in four years' time. The Chairman of the Ribble Committee, Mr. Alderman Gilbertson,

explained the whole scheme to H.R.H., who then being presented with a trowel, mallet, and level of ivory laid the stone amid cheers and salutes from guns.

A PICNIC IN SCOTLAND

THE place chosen for this picnic was the top of a high hill. The earlier part of the ascent had to be accomplished by the ladies on ponies, the gentlemen tramping it on foot. After luncheon most of the party climbed to the summit of the rocky crags which capped the hill, and were rewarded by a magnificent prospect of the surrounding country. Unfortunately Mr. Brown, of London, missed seeing the view. The unwonted exercise, followed by a liberal libation of bottled stout, caused him to fall into a delicious slumber. Another gentleman who professed to be weatherwise, and who had declared it would keep fine, afterwards wished he had brought his umbrella, when he found the rest of the party comfortably packed into a cave during a shower, while he was left out in the cold and wet. Hill-ponies are usually sure-footed, but it is a curious fact that some need far more attention than others. Miss Doleful's steed found his way safely down all by himself, while Miss Grace's pony required most careful leading. Perhaps the diverse comeliness of the respective riders had something to do with it.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. G. D. Giles.

PORT HAMILTON, COREA

It was at first believed that we had annexed "the huge, cone-like island of Quelpart," but the fact is simply that we have acquired a coaling-station for our ships in the North Pacific, similar to that already existing at Labuan. The want of such a station has long been felt, and no better place could have been selected than Port Hamilton, the only advantageous anchorage and shelter for ships around the stormy coasts of Quelpart.

The island of Quelpart, which lies sixty miles distant from the southern coast of Corea, and commands the straits between that peninsula and Kiushiu, the southern island of Japan, is about forty miles long by seventeen wide. It is well populated, and is under close and careful cultivation. The scenery provided by its dense woods and lofty peaks is exceedingly beautiful. Mount Auckland, the highest summit, 6,500 feet high, has the appearance of being snow-clad, owing to the white rocks. The forests consist of pines and a tree like mahogany. There are large herds of cattle, and numerous horses of a small breed. The inhabitants also raise cereals, catch fish, and make straw hats. They had an evil reputation, but it seems that their fierceness and dislike of foreigners have been much exaggerated.—Our engraving is from a sketch.

LAST SKETCHES AT SUAKIM

As Field Post-Offices seem likely to become prominent institutions in the British Army on active service, a few words concerning the Indian Field Force Post-Office will not be out of place in connection with my sketches.

The speed with which the little party of the Indian Post-Office, under their able superintendent, disembarked, conveyed tents and equipments to camping ground, pitched tents, and had the Office in working order within five hours in a strange country, might well be noted by our Army Post-Office Corps as an example.

The work includes Parcels Post and sale of Postal Notes, and, in fact, the entire work of a town Post-Office; the native troops and the thousands of Indian camp-followers with General Graham's force availed themselves largely of the convenience of the Money-Order system, and all the remittances home to their families were made through the Indian Post.

The establishment of clerks is so carefully selected that there is no difficulty created by the various characters in which the letters are addressed, or by the many languages, comprising Hindi, Urdu, Pushtu, Kaithi, Mahrathi, Persian, Tamil, and many others used in our vast Indian Empire. The whole organisation is under the control of a chief superintendent, P. O'Shea, Esq., who has plenary powers in his own department, which can also provide the material for small branch offices, tents and equipments complete, ready at a moment's notice to accompany the troops on the march.

Near the Indian Post-Office, Egyptian Cavalry are encamped who are said to have done good work previous to the arrival of General Graham's force. Individually these men do not impress one with a great notion of their soldierlike qualities, but as the two individuals in my sketch are employed in pack-drill (extra drill for punishment) they are possibly not very favourable specimens; perhaps they have been diverted from the proper performance of their duties by too fully appreciating the charms of a flirtation with the ladies who often pass their camp bearing water in skins from the wells a mile beyond the "suburbs" of El Kaff into the town of Suakim, where the water is sold. A couple of these damsels are presented for considerate criticism; their frizzy hair is coiled into numerous small pendant plaits generously beplastered with grease, and sometimes interwoven with beads in little spots; their noses are decorated in the nostril with a small flat ring of thin gold; their voices are harsh and coarse, and apparently they attempt to make good the want of physical charms by the profusion of spiritual charms and magic medicines they hang round the neck.

When we evacuated Hanoob, the last of our men had to embark on the train rather hurriedly, as the so-called "Friendlies" of that district, no doubt partially coerced by the enemy proper, swarmed up the hills; and, with gesticulations of rage and contempt, fired briskly into us, but fortunately without inflicting damage.

During the movements of troops into the mountains which occurred occasionally, the Mounted Infantry, as usual, did good work scouting. My sketch shows a scout perched on the summit of a steep hill up which he has just scrambled; the last sketch is of a straggling party of Australians, so eager in prospecting for gold in the quartz veins that crop up occasionally through the rocky hills and passes in the mountains, that they have to be called away from their fascinating speculations, as the column again moves on after a short rest.

CHAS. E. FRIPP

LORD SPENCER

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Lord Spencer will be found on page 107, but the following notes by our artist, Mr. Sydney Hall, will also be of interest:—"The drawing was made at Kenmare House, Killarney, where Lord Spencer was entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lord Spencer desired that the sitting which he promised to give me should be at an early hour, and I accordingly went early in the morning, and found him hard at work in his dressing-room close to a bow window, through which streamed the sunlight, and from which there was a magnificent view of the Lake. He sat in a low arm chair, with an open despatch box, filled with letters and papers, at his side. He explained that this was his invariable method of working, and that he was in the habit of getting three good hours' work before breakfast."

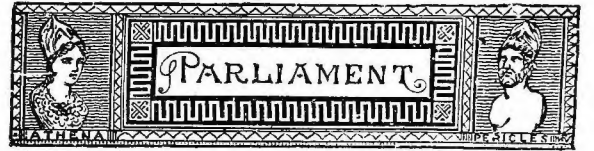
"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by C. Reinhart, is continued on page 105.

THE "PERRAHERRA" FESTIVAL IN CEYLON

THE Perraherra means simply a triumphant procession; it is held in commemoration of the victorious result of a campaign which set out to deliver certain Singhalese captives from the King of Jaffna, the Singhalese King being aided in the expedition by a giant named

Neela, who, with one blow of his rod of iron divided the water of the arm of the sea which separates the Peninsula of Jaffna during a portion of the year from the mainland of Ceylon. An emblematic ceremony to illustrate that incident is performed on the last day of the festival by a man in a mask on the river, called Mahawilleganga, in a canoe, when the water is parted with a so-called "Golden Sword," and a pot, previously emptied of last year's water, is refilled from the parting of the water. A fortnight before that event, which takes place at the full moon in August, the streets of Kandy are paraded by the procession depicted in the sketch, during every night, and on the last day during daylight with an accompaniment of torches as at night. The principal elephant belonging to the Temple of the Tooth (Buddha's Tooth) heads the procession bearing the tooth relic enclosed in its casket (within a portable shrine strapped to its back), under a canopy, and supported on either side by smaller elephants bearing men with shields, state umbrellas, and fans of peacocks' feathers. These elephants are preceded by dancers, musicians, incense bearers, flag and lance bearers, and whip crackers. The effigy Neela and clowns on stilts are also introduced with devil dancers in masks to avert the influence of the evil eye from the relic. The Temple elephants are attended by the particular chief, who is its appointed guardian or warden, followed by his subordinate chiefs and headmen, and his vassals bearing flags, standards, emblems, and lances. Other similar processions follow in order, each subordinate temple furnishing its quota of elephants, relics, chiefs, &c. The procession increases in length as each night brings reinforcements of elephants, &c., from temples in the neighbourhood of Kandy, some of the poorer temples furnishing only a single elephant, tuskless, and not more than five feet in height, without any relic, and with only a minor chief or two in attendance, but with flags, dancers, and musicians in smaller proportions. Not being a religious festival, although the Temple elephants and relics are sent to grace the procession, no Buddhist priest is seen accompanying it. The Perraherra is one of the sights with which visitors of distinction from other countries to Ceylon are greeted on the first night of their arrival in Kandy—the mountain capital of the Singhalese Kings, but in those cases the procession takes place on one night only. Perraherras were organised on each of the visits to Kandy of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princes Edward and George of Wales, and on other occasions when noblemen on their travels, or Governors of Ceylon or of other Colonies, pay their first visit to Kandy. The sketches also show the shrine of the Sacred Tooth, and its casket and cage, as well as the outer and inner entrances to the shrine in the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy.—The foregoing description is by Mr. J. L. K. Van Dort, of Colombo, who has also furnished the drawings from which our engraving is made.



THE Government has managed, within the first month of its existence, to reach a condition of unusual embarrassment. It started under the peculiar disadvantage of existing upon the sufferance of its political opponents. In this respect, however, matters turned out unexpectedly favourable. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech which brought tears to the eyes of Lord Randolph Churchill, disclaimed all intention of thwarting the Government, and wished them "God speed" in their mission. Up to the present date not a word of complaint has been uttered with respect to the Opposition, who have scrupulously abstained from anything having the remotest appearance of obstruction. Where the Government's trouble comes in is in the attitude of their own supporters. The strongest language that might be used by an Opposition is exceeded by members on the Ministerial side, whose fidelity to Conservative principles is beyond reproach.

The storm burst on Friday night when Mr. Parnell brought forward his motion impeaching Earl Spencer. The motion avowedly rested upon a demand for the reopening of the Maamtrasna murder trial and others that have taken place during the Viceroyalty of Lord Spencer. But by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Harrington, and other speakers from the Irish quarter, occasion was seized to renew the insinuations and charges against the late Lord Lieutenant. Sir Michael Beach had a difficult task to perform, and he cannot honestly be complimented upon his manner of accomplishing it. Bound to the Parnellites by an alliance which Mr. Charles Lewis denounced, and Mr. Brodrick deplored, he did not feel at liberty to refuse the demand. At the same time, fearful of the effect upon public opinion, and upon the fidelity of his own party, he dared not accept the resolution. Accordingly, whilst opposing the motion, he conceded what it demanded, namely, a fresh inquiry into the Maamtrasna trial.

Sir Michael Beach had endeavoured, whilst conceding the demand of the Parnellites, to associate himself as little as possible with their personal attack upon Earl Spencer. Lord Randolph Churchill however, with characteristic courage, and maddened by the evident signs of revolt on the benches behind him, threw aside all pretence, loudly declared he had no confidence in the administration of Earl Spencer, and would accept no responsibility for his acts. This speech, involving, as Mr. Brodrick pointed out, the principle of the continuity of the law in Ireland, was listened to in consternation by the Conservatives, and was received with hilarious applause from the Parnellites, who saw with natural delight the Secretary of State for India delivering himself and his colleagues into their hands. On Tuesday night the Prime Minister, made painfully aware of the effect of the speeches of Sir Michael Beach and Lord Randolph, made a desperate attempt to counteract them. In the course of debate on the Land Purchase Bill in the House of Lords he went out of his way to pay the highest compliment to Earl Spencer, and to the manly and courageous course he had pursued during the course of his Viceroyalty. This was well designed, but scarcely improved the position. No Government can be conducted with its principal representatives taking one line in the House of Commons, and its chief going in exactly the contrary direction in the House of Lords.

As if this incident were not sufficient for a week's account the Government on Tuesday were plunged deeper in the mire. They have, after some hesitation, taken up the Medical Relief Disqualification Bill, which is really the progeny of Mr. Horace Davey, though Mr. Jesse Collings has adopted it. The circumstances of this case are peculiar all round. The proposal to prevent the disqualification of electors accepting medical relief did not appear in the original Registration Bill as introduced by the late Government. Mr. Horace Davey proposed a new clause embodying the principle. But this was opposed by the late Government, and on a division defeated. At a subsequent stage of the measure the proposed clause was introduced, and went up with the Bill to the House of Lords. The Conservatives had always opposed it, and, availing themselves of their majority in the House of Lords, they eliminated the clause. When the Bill came back to the Commons a disposition was shown by the Liberals to reinstate the clause. But the exigencies of the Queen's holiday arrangements left no time for dealing with the matter, and the Lords' Amendment was agreed to. Then Mr. Collings brought in his Bill, which the Conservatives on assuming office coquetted with, and presently announced that they would

deal with the subject themselves, introducing a measure which went far beyond that of the Radical Member for Ipswich.

This is the history of this remarkable political episode as briefly as it may be told. The precise position of the Conservative Party is best put in Mr. C. S. Read's complaint uttered on Tuesday night amid loud cheers from the Conservatives. "On the 20th of May," Mr. Read said, "I received a whip signed by the well-known name of Rowland Winn asking me to vote for the Lords' Amendments to the Registration Bill, the most important of which was the rejection of Mr. Horace Davey's clause. On the 14th of July I received an invitation from the new Whip of the same Party asking me to support a Bill embodying the amendments rejected by the Lords." Mr. Read saw in the Bill the germs of State Socialism. Other Ministerialists, not going so deeply into the matter, were content to take note of the incongruity of a Conservative Government upon coming into power adopting a measure emanating from the most Radical quarter of the House. That, at least, it was felt, could not be right, and so member after member rose from the Ministerial Benches, and denounced noble lords and right hon. gentlemen sitting on the Treasury Bench.

It is marvellous how, with an Administration thus discouraged in the eyes of their own followers, the business of the House progresses. But the causes are not far to seek. The Parnellites have hitherto proved faithful to their compact. They have refrained from all kinds of obstruction, even abstaining from occupying the time of the House during the question hour. Mr. Biggar's famous question as to the workhouse nurse who with suspicious regularity had her little son about the premises at dinner-time has been removed from the paper. The Ministerial crisis prevented it being put at the time fixed, and Mr. Biggar, with what Lord Randolph Churchill would call magnanimity and considerate treatment, has determined not to embarrass the Government by putting it. Whereas under the late Government the average of questions every night ranged between 80 and 120, the appearance of 40 questions on the paper last Thursday created something like a sensation. The average is 20, and the question hour, formerly indefinitely extended, is now reduced to something like fifteen or twenty minutes.

Last week the Parnellites objected to taking certain Irish Votes, which they have been accustomed to use against the Government of the day for obstructive purposes. They significantly insisted upon postponing them over last Friday, when Mr. Parnell was to move his resolution impeaching Earl Spencer. The action of the Government in this matter being agreeable to their wishes, they on Monday graciously permitted the remaining Irish Votes to be disposed of at a sitting. Amongst the fourteen Votes thus agreed to there are one or two which in former times have sufficed each one for a whole night's prolonged sitting. It is not likely now that this attitude will be departed from for the remainder of the Session, the winding up of which may be looked for on Friday or Saturday week. This easy forward motion with Supply is the more acceptable since the Government still have their hands full with the Criminal Law Amendment Bill and the new Irish Land Bill, not to mention the Secretary for Scotland Bill and one or two minor measures.



AFTER THE RECENT CONSERVATIVE SUCCESSES at by-elections Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals have been gratified by the victory of Baron F. De Rothschild at Aylesbury last week, when he polled 242 more votes than Sir N. Rothschild in 1880, and his opponent 95 votes fewer than the Conservative candidate in that year. Their gratification was increased by the circumstance that a good many of the actual electors of Aylesbury are agricultural labourers, and thus belong to the class the members of which will generally possess the franchise at the great electoral struggle in November. Acknowledging resolutions carried at a mass meeting of the agricultural population of a Division of Wiltshire, Mr. Gladstone has accordingly expressed a belief that the agricultural labourers of the kingdom "will show themselves sensible of the responsibility as well as worthy of the privilege of enfranchisement; and," he added, "I may perhaps be excused if I say that the Aylesbury election encourages my favourable anticipations."

THE APPOINTMENT OF A ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE DEPRESSION IN TRADE having been represented as a concession to the Fair Traders, it is noticeable that the first invitations to sit on it issued by Lord Idlesleigh are, it is understood, addressed to two Free Traders and members of the late Government, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. J. K. Cross, and to Sir Thomas Farrar, who has been a prominent antagonist of Fair Trade theories.

SPEAKING ON TUESDAY AT CHISWICK, Sir Charles Dilke criticised severely the Irish policy of the Government as indicated on Friday last week in the House of Commons. He connected it with a secret circular which was sent out, he said, by the chief agent of the Conservative party on the day of Sir Stafford Northcote's deposition from the leadership, and in which information was asked for as to the number of Irish votes in each English constituency, and the question was asked whether the Conservative and Liberal parties were so evenly balanced that the Irish vote would give a majority to one side or the other.

ON WEDNESDAY Mr. John Morley and Mr. Trevelyan spoke at Colchester, both of them animadverting with special severity on the altered attitude of the Conservatives towards the Home Rulers. Mr. Morley said epigrammatically that he had always understood it to be a fine thing to have the courage of one's opinions, but the Tories had taught us lately that it was a fine thing to have the courage of other people's opinions.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has declined an invitation to open a Liberal Club at Belfast on his approaching visit to Ireland, during which, he intimates, he will not speak in public.

IN THE COURSE OF AN ADDRESS at the opening of a new Board School at Wolverhampton, Mr. Mundella expressed his sympathy with poor professional men who were paying heavy rates, and yet derived no benefit from the Education Acts. Realised property, he said, would have to bear a further share of local taxation. Some retail tradesmen actually paid twelve per cent. of their income in rates, whereas the rich merchant, banker, or shipowner did not pay one per cent.

AT AN ADJOURNED CONFERENCE of Liberal members of and candidates for the House of Commons it was agreed to form a "Free Land League" on the basis of the programme of Land Law Reform, drawn up by Mr. Arthur Arnold (who presided), approved of by Mr. Bright, and referred to in our "Legal" column last week.

AFTER AN INSPECTION on Wednesday of the Liverpool Naval Volunteers, Lord George Hamilton said that both the late and the present Board of Admiralty had arrived at the conclusion that they must largely rely on local effort for the naval defence of our great ports. He added the somewhat important announcement that it was therefore the intention of the Government to grant pecuniary aid to the Naval Volunteers, probably in the shape of a Capitation-grant.

A LONG AND INFLUENTIALLY ATTENDED MEETING was held at the Mansion House on Wednesday to hear an address from Mr. H. M. Stanley on the slave trade in Africa, and on the late General Gordon's schemes for its suppression. Resolutions were

carried, one proposed by the Bishop of Gloucester, the other by Cardinal Manning, calling on the Government to insist on the execution of the Convention for the suppression of the slave-trade in Egypt, and pronouncing the duty of the country to be to discharge its responsibilities to the natives of the Soudan.

AT THE WIMBLEDON CAMP the week's business began on Monday with the competition of the teams of twenty each, representing England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, for the National Challenge Trophy. It was won by England last year; but this week, after a keen struggle, it has been transferred to Scotland, which was victorious, however, by only seven points. The highest score of the Scottish team was the 90 points of Sergeant Aytoun, of the 2nd Midlothian Volunteers. Wales was 64 points below England, and Ireland 59 points below Wales. With Tuesday came the finish of the great competition of every year, that for the Queen's Prize, which was unexpectedly carried off by a Spalding farmer of forty (who had never before shot in the first sixty, or even at a range so great as 500 yards), Sergeant Bulmer, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, late 2nd Lincoln. This winner of the Queen's Prize of 250*l.*, with the National Rifle Association's Gold Medal and Badge, had a total score of 307; and was followed by a Scotchman, Private Guy, of the 1st Ayr, whose score was 291, and who receives 60*l.* and the N.R.A. Badge. Sergeant Bulmer was chaired as usual, and was borne aloft in triumphant progress to the Council Offices, where Lady Wilmot pinned the badge on his arm. In the competition on Tuesday for the Public Schools Volunteers' Challenge Trophy, by nine teams, each of five old public school pupils, Cheltenham won by five points, Eton and Winchester tying for the second place with 200 points each. On Wednesday the most interesting contest was for the Cup left by the late Rajah of Kolapore. The Indian team was a scratch one of only six, all Englishmen, and retired on the third range. The other competing teams represented the Mother Country, Guernsey, Jersey, and Canada. The Mother Country won with 650 points, followed by Guernsey with 630, Jersey with 612, Canada, with 597, coming last. The University competition for the Chancellor's Plate ended with the victory of Oxford by four points, but owing to something wrong with the rifle used by one of the marksmen, the winning team was disqualified, and Cambridge was declared entitled to the possession of the plate for a year.

THE RESULT OF THE COLLECTION ON HOSPITAL SATURDAY is satisfactory. The money deposited in the 800 collecting boxes distributed throughout the metropolis last Saturday was 2,635*l.*, being 475*l.* more than last year. The results of the cab-trade and steamboat collections are estimated at 250*l.* and 50*l.* respectively. It is computed that the grand total of the various collections will be 4,326*l.*, being 1,419*l.* more than last year.

"THE GORDON BOYS' HOME" is to be the name of the National Gordon Memorial, as agreed to by the Mansion House Committee, and that of the Gordon Boys' Camp. The funds of the two bodies have been amalgamated. A resolution formally confirming this agreement was carried at a meeting of the Joint Committees this week, and a new Committee was appointed to organise the institution. Of the 21,000*l.* in hand 18,000*l.* had been contributed by the Mansion House Fund, the remainder by the Gordon Camp Fund, over and above this, there is a sum of nearly 300*l.* subscribed for the Port Said Hospital Fund, and which is either to be paid into it, or returned to the subscribers.

ACCORDING to the report presented at the annual meeting of that most useful body, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, during the last year 34 new fountains and 40 new cattle-troughs had been erected, making a total erected and in use in the metropolis and suburbs, of 575 fountains and 577 troughs. The expenditure of the year had been 8,651*l.*, leaving a balance of 123*l.*

AN APPLICATION IN THE DUBLIN ROLLS COURT for the appointment of a provisional liquidator for the Munster Bank was refused on Wednesday, and hopes are entertained that it will resume business in a week. Its assets are half a million more than its liabilities to depositors, and there is a large amount of unpaid capital which can be called up, if required, from a body of substantial shareholders.

EARLY ON TUESDAY MORNING, off the west coast of Cornwall, in a thick haze, H.M.S. *Hecla*, a powerful torpedo vessel, on her way to Portland struck against the *Cheerful*, 641 tons, bound from Falmouth for Liverpool, with crew and passengers numbering fifty. The *Cheerful* in a few minutes sank bow foremost. The *Hecla's* boats were immediately lowered, and rescued most of her passengers and crew. Eleven of them, however, were drowned, and one lady who was rescued died of fright on board the *Hecla*, which had her port bow partially rent.

UNDER THE RULE empowering the Political Committee of the Reform Club annually to elect two members from amongst gentlemen who have proved their attachment to the Liberal cause by marked and obvious service rendered to it, Mr. Edward Dicey, editor of the *Observer*, and Mr. Henry Lucy, of the *Daily News*, *Punch*, and *The Graphic*, have been unanimously elected.

OUR OBITUARY INCLUDES THE DEATH, in her seventy-third year, of Mary, Countess of Rosse; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. William Graham, formerly a partner in the mercantile house of Messrs. Graham and Co., of Glasgow, and from 1865 to 1874 one of the Liberal members for that city; in his eighty-fifth year of General J. F. Crofton, Colonel of the 6th (Royal Warwickshire) Regiment; of Lieutenant-General A. T. Cadell, of the Royal (late Madras) Artillery, who served throughout the China expedition of 1840-42; of Commissary-General G. H. Sanders, senior Commissariat Officer at Chatham; and, in his eighty-fourth year, of the Rev. H. J. L. Warner, Hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral.

TO H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,
Which else with all its pains and griefs and deaths
Were utter darkness—one, the Sun of dawn
That brightens through the Mother's tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakening world—and one
The later-rising Sun of spousal Love
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the child
Is happy—even in leaving her; but Thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widowed Crown, nor let
This later light of Love have risen in vain,
But moving through the Mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Swayed by each Love, and swaying to each Love
Like some conjectured planet in mid-heaven
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

TENNYSON

July 23, 1885.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM had fewer visitors in 1884 than during any of the preceding six years. Only 468,763 persons visited the general collections, while, on the other hand, the admissions to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington rose to the highest number recorded since the new building opened—i.e. 375,831. The Prints and Drawings at the British Museum will shortly be removed to their fresh quarters in the new wing on the east side, so that this Department will be closed from August 10th to October 3rd.

ANOTHER FATAL ALPINE ACCIDENT to record. The remains of a young tourist, who had been missing for over a year, have just been found at the foot of the Schneeberg, in Lower Austria, which the unfortunate man had attempted to scale without a guide. He was a son of an eminent Viennese physician.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY AND THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS were open last Sunday to members of the Sunday Society. Next Sunday the public will be freely admitted to the two Galleries by tickets obtained from the Sunday Society.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE has caused some perplexity in remote country districts of the United States. Thus one rural mother, anxious to conform to the new reading, calls her child "Sheolen" instead of "Helen." So, at least, says the Albany *Sunday Press*.

A CANAL THROUGH FRANCE is now proposed, to establish a direct route between the British Channel and the Mediterranean. The canal would start from Havre, and pass through Rouen, Paris, and Lyons to Marseilles.

THE NOW FAMOUS ZULFIKAR PASS is a narrow defile two or three miles long on the right bank of the Heri Rud, close to the river. Formerly it was the most convenient ford over the river for the Turkoman raiders, and the Persians built a tower there to check the marauders into Herat territory. The Pass is named after Mahomet's sword, "Zu-al-fakar," which fell to Ali, the great Shiah saint, and was regarded as the sure giver of victory. At the Afghan end the pass is fully a quarter of a mile wide, with precipitous sides rising to 400 or 500 feet, but it soon narrows, and at one point is only thirty yards across. On the northern side two roads branch out of the pass, the left path turning towards the Garmab Pass, near Pul-i-Khatun, while the right route leads towards the Kangruali basin and the salt lakes, which the Russians are so anxious to secure for the Turkomans. The Garmab Pass is the only other important route which pierces the rocky plateau and already belongs to the Russians.

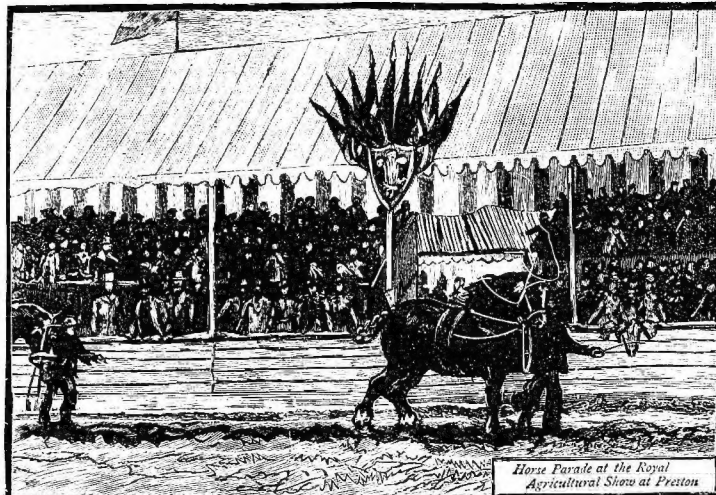
THE ENGLISH WRITE MORE LETTERS than any other people in the world, according to the Postmaster-General's annual report just issued. Last year the average number of letters per head rose to 42, a much higher rate than in other countries, while thirty years ago the average only reached 15 per person. All departments—letters, post-cards, newspaper and book post, and parcels—show a like increase. Altogether 1,360,341,400 letters and 160,340,500 post-cards passed through the post during 1884, and while over 260,000 epistles were posted without any address whatever, 512,636 letters in the Returned Office could find no owners, even after the diligent researches of the famous Post Office "blind men." Amongst other postal curiosities was a penny stamp bearing a letter of twenty-six words, and which was duly delivered. But when the same writer tried a similar experiment on a halfpenny stamp, the letter was taxed as insufficiently prepaid. An unlucky live screech owl was also sent by parcel post, and was rescued by a humane country postmaster.

AN EXCELLENT WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION has been opened at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh. If successful, the Exhibition will probably become annual, and the quality of the works shown in this inaugural collection promises well for the future of the scheme. There are over 1,000 exhibits, including a few black and white drawings and a little sculpture, and the landscapes are especially good. Welsh artists have their turn at the Cambrian Academy of Arts, Cardiff, which has just inaugurated the third annual Exhibition. Most of the exhibitors are Welsh by birth or residence, and the pictures chiefly illustrate the life and scenery of the Principality.

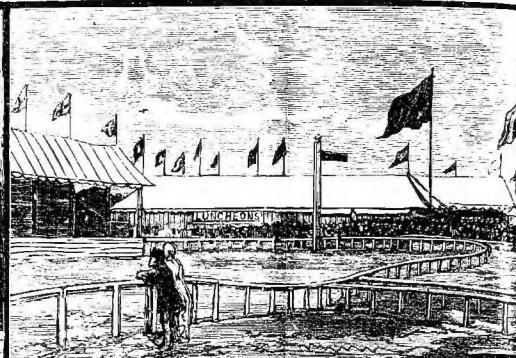
THE INDICTMENT OF LOUIS RIEL, the Canadian rebel, for treason, is a good specimen of the legal verbosity now being warred against across the Atlantic. This is only a small fragment as example: "Louis Riel, being a subject of our Lady Queen, not regarding the subject of his allegiance, nor having the fear of God in his heart, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil as a false traitor against the said Lady Queen, and wholly withdrawing the allegiance, fidelity, and obedience which every true and faithful subject of our said Lady Queen ought to bear towards our said Lady Queen, the 26th day of March in the year aforesaid, together with divers other false traitors to the said Stewart unknown, armed and arrayed in warlike manner—that is to say with guns, pistols, bayonets, and other weapons,—being then unlawfully, maliciously, and traitorously assembled and gathered together against our said Lady Queen, most wickedly, maliciously, and traitorously did levy and make war against the said Lady Queen at a locality known as Duck Lake"—and so on for many pages.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT GREAT AFRICAN RIVER has been explored—the Mobangi, probably the largest tributary of the Congo. A British missionary, the Rev. G. Grenfell, has followed the stream from the equator to 4 deg. 30 mins. N.—about 400 or 450 miles, allowing for the windings, and reports that the river is perfectly navigable so far as he has penetrated. The surrounding country is fertile, and more populous than any equal length of the Congo, while though the natives were somewhat hostile during the ascent of the river, never having seen a white man, they were perfectly friendly when the party returned. The Mobangi forms a wide delta before falling into the Congo nearly opposite Equator Station—within French territory, by the way—has a mean depth of twenty-five feet, and is nowhere less than 673 yards wide. Its source is at present only a matter of conjecture, but Mr. Grenfell and several Congo authorities think that the Mobangi is probably the lower part of the Welle, which still remains untraced to its head.

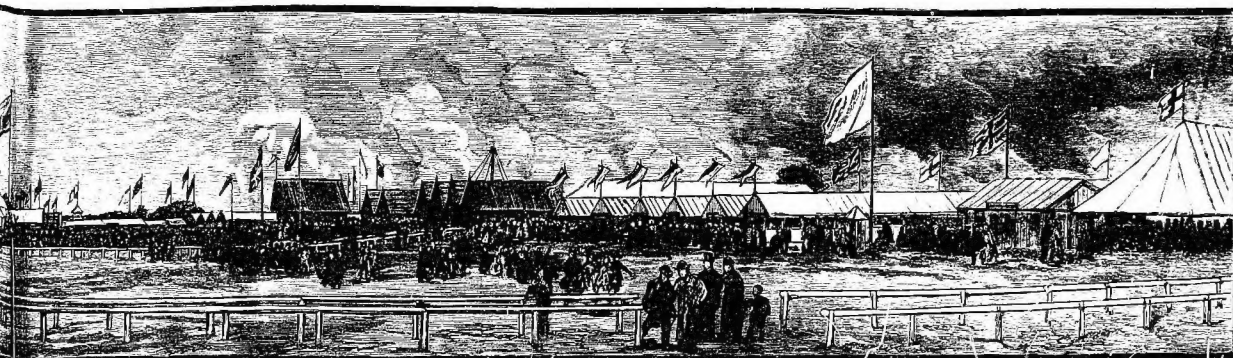
LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase. Thus the deaths last week numbered 1,616 against 1,412 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 204, but 59 below the average, while the death-rate increased to 20.6 per 1,000—the highest rate for three months. There were 11 deaths from small-pox, 82 from measles (a rise of 5), 216 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 106), 77 from whooping-cough (a rise of 26), 16 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 13 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 17 from enteric fever (an increase of 7), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a rise of 1), 7 from cholera (an increase of 4), and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases resulting from diseases of the respiratory organs rose from 177 to 192, and were 4 below the average. Fifty-eight deaths were due to violence, and 53 of these were caused by negligence or accident. There were 2,411 births registered—a fall of 9, and 228 below the average. The mean temperature was 61.2 deg., and 2.2 deg. below the average, while there were 32.8 hours of bright sunshine.



Horse Parade at the Royal Agricultural Show at Preston



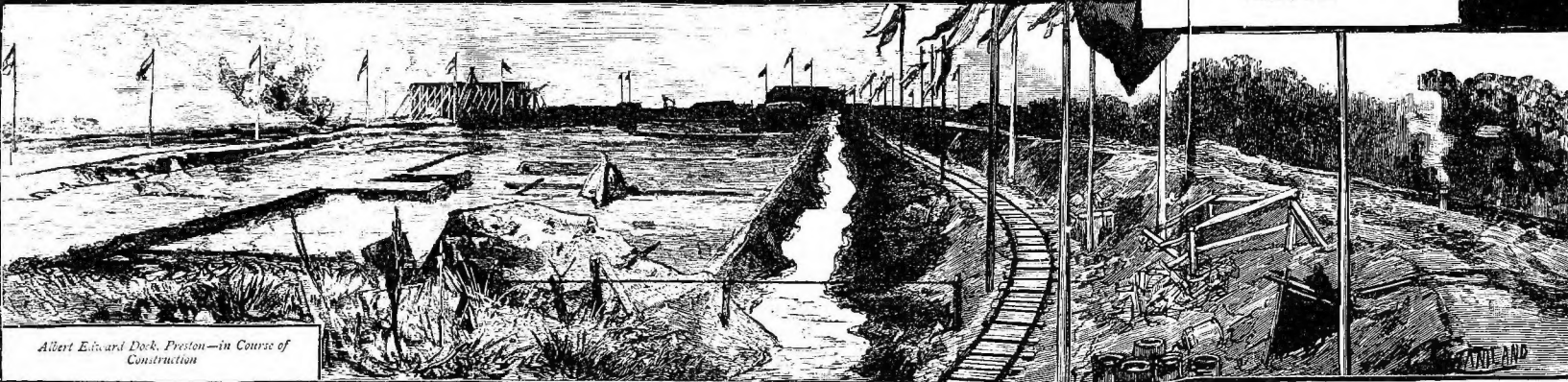
Showyard of the Royal Agricultural Society, Preston



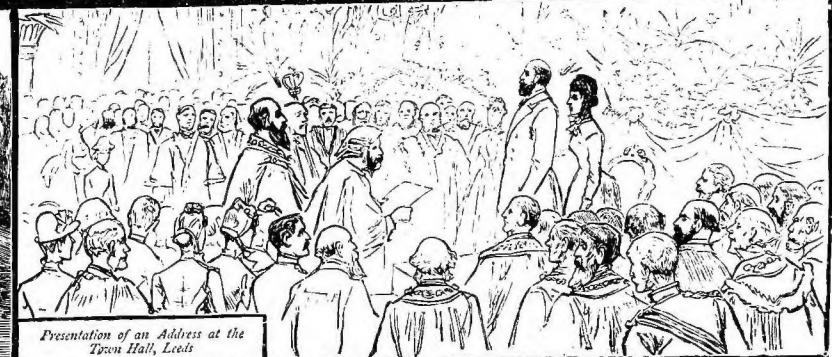
The Opening Ceremony at the Yorkshire College, Leeds



British Manufactures Presented to the Prince of Wales



Albert Edward Dock, Preston—in Course of Construction



Presentation of an Address at the Town Hall, Leeds



There is little change in the AFGHAN situation. True, the recent war scare has subsided, after arousing much commotion on foreign Bourses, but the prolonged delay in the Anglo-Russian negotiations, and the imminent danger of collision on the Afghan frontier, cause great anxiety. Apparently the negotiations have scarcely advanced at all since the Liberal Ministry fell. Russia herself loudly protests in her Press that her pacific views remain unaltered, yet she persistently retards a settlement by perpetually putting forward fresh pretensions and quibbling over minor details. At present the Zulfikar Pass continues the main bone of contention, though, indeed, it is asserted that the Muscovite claims respecting this defile merely cloak designs on Meruchak. The Russians now allege that they consented to cede merely the valley of Zulfikar, not the defiles leading eastward towards their own possessions, which they maintain are absolutely necessary as the only direct communication with their post at Akrobat. This argument does not hold good, however, for the usual route to Akrobat runs by another road altogether, through Adam Ulan, quite out of the contested district. But the possession of the Zulfikar Pass would firmly wedge Russia into Afghan territory, and place her most favourably for an easy dash on Herat. Thus little favour is shown to the suggestion that the details of the Zulfikar cession should be left for the Boundary Commission to decide on the spot. Such a delay might lead to the Czar's troops occupying Zulfikar, and then asserting that possession is nine points of the law. Moreover, though the rumours of an important advance on Zulfikar seem to have been much exaggerated, there is no doubt that large bodies of Russian troops are in the neighbourhood, and that a very small spark of asserted Afghan aggression would light the flame. Persian territory is freely invaded, the Russian troops occupy the left bank of the Heri Rud, and the chain of communications with the base on the Caspian, is carefully strengthened. Nor are the Afghans idle. Herat is now said to be in a very promising state of defence, thanks to the energetic preparations of the last few weeks, and Captains Yate and Peacocke are in the city, advising the works. The Boundary Commission is encamped at Tunián, some seventeen miles off, to prevent any danger of disturbing the Heratees by too close relations, but the population are most friendly towards the English. Further, the Ameer has issued a proclamation declaring an absolute alliance with the British Government, and ordering a general illumination to celebrate his receiving the honour of the Star of India. Meanwhile, Indian politicians are beginning to question whether it is expedient for England to concern herself so much about Herat. Many military authorities consider that the desired strong strategic frontier would be better ensured by holding Candahar, and preparing to resist any advance on the Helmund.

Russian obstinacy concerning Zulfikar has so far effectually turned Continental sympathy towards England. Foreign opinion in general deems Russia unreasonably exacting, and prophesies that the firm British attitude will, in the end, carry the day without resort to war. But England is strongly recommended to establish a lasting agreement, even at the risk of leaving the Afghans to themselves, rather than to patch up a mere temporary settlement. In St. Petersburg itself peace is regarded fairly certain, and optimists point out that as both Czar and Ministers will shortly leave for the summer holidays no serious complications can be anticipated.

EGYPT is thankful for the prospects of relief from her financial troubles. Thus, the announcement that the new loan will be issued at once has quite revived depressed Government circles. The Chamber of Notables has been specially convened to give its consent to the loan, and the Khedive himself will open the Session on Tuesday. Altogether a far more hopeful tone prevails throughout the country. The Nile rises well, the Mahdists are fairly quiet, and a payment of the Alexandria indemnity awards is promised speedily, while schemes are once more afloat for fresh public works to employ the numbers rendered destitute by the late war. Fighting, however, has recommenced at Kassala, where the garrison repulsed the rebels after a severe struggle, and captured some much-needed supplies. It is now hoped that King John of Abyssinia will arrange to relieve the beleaguered town, which is at the last gasp, yet holds out, expecting Ras Aloula to come to its aid. Rumours of the Mahdi's death are still current. Several native messengers agree in stating that he died on June 29 from small-pox. Another report asserts that a fresh European Conference on Egyptian affairs is not unlikely.

Election preparations mainly absorb FRANCE. Indeed, the coming contest promises to be of unusual interest, for not only will the election be conducted on the new system—i.e., by *scrutin de liste*, but the electors are expected to show their true opinions more plainly than in former years, when one great name united many hesitating votes. No prominent statesman now attracts general sympathy, and the leaders of the numerous different parties are accordingly stumping the provinces with great hopes. The Conservatives chiefly depend on M. Ribot, a quiet statesman, little known outside France, while the advanced party adhere to M. Clémenceau, who has been speaking at Bordeaux with fair success. But the different parties are greatly divided, and are much perplexed to agree upon their respective manifestoes. Thus few politicians are left in Paris to attend to business in the Chamber, where the most important matter has been a discussion on the distressed industrial situation at Lyons. It was proposed to temporarily admit English cotton yarn free in order to cheapen the silk manufacture, as inferior silks are now more in demand than pure materials. But the proposition was refused on the plea of injury to the Rouen cotton industry. The Senate has ratified the Chinese Treaty, and the Envoy from Peking is expected this week, so that France and China are just now on most amicable terms. No important news has come from Annam, but the French Cabinet are considering with dismay that the Tonkin Expedition has already cost double the estimate. And to add to their financial perplexities the new Minister of Marine announces that the amount voted for Naval repairs is quite insufficient.

Murders and crimes form the only news from PARIS, where summer stagnation is at its height. Society in general has gone to inland and sea watering-places, and is decidedly indignant with the Government for prohibiting the various small forms of gambling which formerly enlivened the casinos. Rouen has suffered from a serious fire which destroyed some of her oldest and most curious houses, and a bad gunpowder explosion has cost numerous lives at Ardes.

SPAIN is still sadly tried by the cholera epidemic, which has taken a fresh lease of energy. It is specially difficult to check the spread of infection, as inhabitants in remote country districts often carefully conceal the deaths, through dread of stringent sanitary precautions, and help fugitives to elude the regulations. The new Home Minister tries to institute more uniform measures, but is ill seconded, while the bad drainage of Madrid and most of the chief Spanish towns fosters the disease. Hitherto, the epidemic has raged worst in the marshy, hot districts, travelling steadily northward from Valencia and Murcia; while the upper lands have suffered only from isolated cases, due to refugees. Most of the higher classes have escaped, but the panic and suffering among the poor are truly distressing. Aranjuez has passed through the worst of her trials, and

Alicante and Saragossa are now the most severely afflicted provinces. The rate of mortality varies greatly from day to day, but on Tuesday the numbers amounted to 2,327 fresh cases and 971 deaths. Apart from the absorbing cholera subject, the Spaniards are once more abusing England for her attitude in the commercial negotiations, and have been excited by the report of a fresh revolutionary movement at Saragossa, discovered just in time.

The coming Imperial meeting is the chief topic in GERMANY. It is now thought fairly certain that the Austrian Emperor will visit Emperor William at Gastein, where the German Sovereign arrived on Tuesday in fair health, after his long journey from Mainau. The political world still wrangles over the Brunswick succession, and a small Guelph manifestation at Hanover has decidedly fed the flame. Another German Prince, too, is being hotly condemned—King Louis of Bavaria, whose extravagance has led him into such financial straits that Bavaria begins to talk about a Regency. Berliners are growing anxious at the prospect of their heavy rents being increased. The masons' strike has so delayed building that house property will greatly rise in value this autumn, numbers of old buildings which have been pulled down not being yet replaced. The strike at last shows signs of the end, after numerous serious brawls between malcontents and non-strikers, but the employers have mainly carried the day. Germany finds such difficulty in selecting a Bishop of Jerusalem that she will probably entirely cede her rights of alternate choice with England. She is no less anxious for a satisfactory settlement with Zanzibar, and the new Consul-General, Herr Travers, who replaces the militant Gerhard Rohlfs, has been specially chosen for his pacific diplomatic qualities.

Recent earthquakes have much alarmed INDIA, for the series of disturbances have now spread southwards, both to Bengal and the Punjab. The shock last week in Bengal was the worst experienced for forty years, and Calcutta was seriously affected, the inhabitants rushing out of doors panic-stricken. In the country districts many lives were lost. Shocks have also occurred at Murree, happily without much damage. The Indian Government are now considering the formation of an army reserve, and are said to decidedly favour the scheme. Another military item is a proposed series of army manoeuvres at Delhi this cold season with a force 50,000 strong.

CANADA has enthusiastically welcomed home her troops from their North-West campaign, and Montreal and Toronto have held high rejoicings with thanksgiving services and banquets to the Volunteers. The troops' bravery was also publicly acknowledged in Parliament when the Viceroy closed the Session, while the Government will award General Middleton 5,000*l.* for his services. Riel's trial began at Regina on Tuesday, the rebel leader pleading "Not Guilty."

Business circles in the UNITED STATES have been much disturbed by the failure of Mr. Roach, the important Philadelphia ship-builder. Owing to disputes with the Government respecting building contracts Mr. Roach suspended payment, and his failure throws an enormous number of men out of work. Altogether, the American ship-building trade is in a very bad condition, the builders being unable to compete with British yards. To add to the depression a severe heat wave has passed along the Atlantic seaboard and inland to the Rocky Mountains. The mercury rose to 100 deg., and many people succumbed to the heat, the mortality being especially heavy among young children. Great drought also exists, and in many rural districts the vegetation is completely burnt up.—General Grant is much worse, and his death is hourly expected.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA are expected to meet at the Castle of Reichstadt about September 3rd. The improvement of the Danube navigation is at last likely to be carried out, for the Commission have finished examining the obstructions at the Iron Gates, and the Hungarian portion of the stream is to be dredged in readiness for further operations.—RUSSIA has actively cultivated Korean friendship since England occupied Port Hamilton, and it is now said that she will take possession of Quelpart Island, to the south of the Korean peninsula.—In ITALY the new Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, has been received by the Pope, and will be consecrated on August 3rd. The Papal consistory next week is eagerly awaited, as it is expected Leo XIII. will deliver an important political address.—From WEST AFRICA comes news of a vast massacre in Lagos, where the King of Dahomey's troops are said to have descended on the villages near Porto Novo. After killing many inhabitants they carried off 1,000 prisoners for human sacrifices.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Boers are stated to be laying out a township at St. Lucia Bay. The natives in Stellaland are much dissatisfied with the late land settlement, and have applied for a fresh inquiry, believing that many of the titles to farms have been fraudulently obtained.



THE Princess Beatrice's wedding has brought together a large gathering of British and foreign Royal guests in the Isle of Wight. Osborne and the vicinity have been crowded to the utmost, many of the neighbouring large country houses being lent to the Queen for the time. Several of the Royal Family also stayed on board the Royal yachts. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice closely superintended the preparations, driving daily to Whippingham Church, which was much altered for the ceremony; while the Princess was also occupied till her wedding day in receiving deputations and presents from all parts of England. The Duchesses of Edinburgh and Albany and the Princess Louise joined the Queen at the end of last week, and on Saturday the Hon. E. Stanhope and Sir H. Ponsonby dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, and next day the wedding festivities began with the arrival of the bridegroom-elect. The *Victoria and Albert*, bringing Prince Henry of Battenberg and his family, and the Grand Duke of Hesse with his daughters, and the *Enchantress*, with the Duke of Edinburgh on board, were several hours late, owing to a very rough passage from Flushing, so that the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to East Cowes in the morning to seek news of the yachts. The Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Louise greeted Prince Henry and his companions on their arrival, a Royal salute being fired, and Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice received them at Osborne, where a family dinner was given in the evening. Prince and Princess Christian came on Tuesday, and next day the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children arrived, and took up their quarters on board the *Osborne*, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the ex-Empress Eugénie, and Lord Salisbury following shortly afterwards. While the Royal guests dined with the Queen at Osborne House, a dinner was given to the house and farm servants, and the old people and children on the estate were also feasted, the evening being closed by a grand firework display.

Thursday was the Princess's wedding day, and Cowes and Osborne were *en fête* for the occasion. Crowds lined the route to Whipping-

ham Church, and the remainder of the guests came from London by special train. Over 200 visitors were expected, and as Whippingham Church, even when cleared of pulpit and pews, could only hold the immediate wedding party and nearest relatives, the rest were seated in a covered way erected to the gate. The ceremony—fully choral—was to take place at one o'clock, the bridal party arriving in three processions—the guests, the bridegroom's party, and the bride, accompanied by the Queen, who was to give her daughter away. The Princess Beatrice was to wear white satin and Honiton lace, and to be accompanied by pages, and by her ten nieces as bridesmaids, dressed in white silk gauze and lace. White heather, the Scotch emblem of good luck in marriage, would be prominent in her bouquet, a special messenger being sent from Balmoral to bring the heather fresh. After the service the Royal party would breakfast in a marquee in the grounds, the remaining guests being entertained in a similar tent, and on the Royal table would be the Princess's own Windsor wedding-cake, an elaborate sugary edifice adorned with allegorical figures, Cupids, and flowers. The wedding bonbons were enclosed in white satin and silver, ornamented with Royal portraits. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry spend their honeymoon at Quarr Abbey, Lady Cochrane's residence.

Before leaving town for the Isle of Wight the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters on Saturday inspected the Cavalry Corps at the Regent's Park Barracks, and lunched with the officers of the Horse Guards. The Prince spent Saturday to Monday with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, the Princess and daughters going meanwhile to Ascot. On Monday the Prince attended meetings of the Royal Commission for Housing the Working Classes, and of the Hyde Park Corner Improvement Committee, and in the evening accompanied the Princess and his daughters to the Bancroft farewell performance. Next day the Prince and Princess were present at the performance on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and dined with Earl and Countess Cadogan. They were expected in London again yesterday (Friday), when they were to give a ball at Marlborough House. To-day (Saturday) the Prince will be present at the farewell dinner to Lord Carrington. On August 12th, he will sail his yacht *Alme* in the Solent regatta at Bournemouth Bay.

Whilst at Kissingen the Duke of Edinburgh spent several evenings fishing in the Saale with good sport, and visited Prince Bismarck. The Duke and Duchess and family shortly go to Coburg for several weeks.—Princess Christian on Monday visited the Irish Industries Exhibition.



THE OPERA SEASON.—The season at the Royal Italian Opera will end to-night with a performance of *Il Trovatore*. In the course of the evening Madame Patti will be presented with a golden wreath, in remembrance of her twenty-fifth consecutive season at Covent Garden. This long and unbroken connection with a London opera house is rare, and it is, we believe, unique in the history of the opera in this country. The critic will hardly be tempted to linger in review of the past season. Mdlle. Fohström has appeared in three operas, and she has now, it is reported, been engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa. With the exception of the Finnish artist, the only *prima donna* has been Madame Patti. That gifted lady has taken part in ten representations, singing seven familiar works of her repertory, and sustaining for the first time on any stage the titular part in *Carmen*. On Saturday she played the character for the second, and last time; and was far more at her ease than on the previous Tuesday. Yet, while Madame Patti cannot but adorn any part she attempts, it can hardly be said that *Carmen* suits her. The music lies too low for her voice, and, despite transposition, much of it on Saturday was inaudible. Her conception of the character is evidently founded upon the creation of Madame Galli-Marié, but in the third act Madame Patti gives prominence to the idea of fatalism with which the rest of the story seems to be permeated. Her acting in the scene with the cards, and again in the catastrophe, is marked by great power, and there are throughout the impersonation touches and details which show how deeply she has studied and thought out a character the portrayal of which she has many years past contemplated. It is, however, unlikely that Madame Patti will add *Carmen* to her permanent repertory, and still less probable that, almost at the close of her brilliant career, she will risk even the remote chance of failure by attempting any new creations of importance. It may fairly be said that this year Italian opera has reached its lowest level. The prospects for next season, although by no means clear, are happily far brighter.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.—The laying by Mr. Pearce Morrison of the foundation stone of the new building on the Thames Embankment, on Tuesday, marks another point in the upward career of the largest of our Academies of Music. The phenomenal success of the School founded by the Corporation of London, and entrusted to the wise direction of Mr. Weist Hill, abundantly proves how greatly such an institution was needed. Founded in 1880 with sixty-two pupils, the Guildhall School of Music now boasts 2,670 scholars, or at least twice the total of any other Academy in Europe. The new building will provide accommodation for double the number now taught within its walls. Nor has the Guildhall School in any way interfered with the work of previously existing training colleges. It was by no means the business of the Corporation of London to launch professors on the world, nor to discover immature Santleys or untalented Beethovens. The Guildhall School had to deal with the masses. The rising generation, particularly in the suburbs, were before this school was started left to the tender mercies of the musical governess, or the professor of singing or the piano, who offered so many so-called lessons for a guinea, and whose ideas of art were bounded by the "Maiden's Prayer" on the one hand, and the "Battle of Prague" or "The Fairy's Musical Box" on the other. Even our best teachers were aware that in going from house to house much valuable time was lost. The assembling under one roof of nearly a hundred of our leading professors in all branches, was therefore a distinct gain to both teachers and pupils. The time and travelling expenses economised enabled the professors to give lessons at half the price they were compelled to charge students who wished to be taught in the family drawing-room, while to parents the Guildhall School offered thorough musical instruction at the lowest possible cost. The system of evening classes too has proved an inestimable boon to those engaged in business in the day-time; while, as off-shoots of the school, Mr. Weist Hill has been able to form an amateur orchestra of 120, an amateur choir of 200, a pupils' orchestra of 70, a male voice choir of 60, and a ladies' choir of 75. The direct business of the Guildhall School has been to fit the boys and girls of Greater London for the performance of their social duties, in one of the most delicious and elevating of the arts which make the home happy. One of the most prominent of its indirect results has been to train future audiences to appreciate practically, and to pass independent judgment upon, the efforts of those who follow music as a profession.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concert season will commence at Covent Garden on Saturday fortnight, the 8th prox.,

Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe being again conductor. The "Classical Wednesdays" will only be definitely promised for the first month, as the management, under present conditions, do not seem quite confident of a class of music which under Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Cowen, and other conductors of the Covent Garden Concerts was considered so successful. *En ravanche*, it is proposed that a small orchestra—which many hope may for a time prove to be a string quartet for the performance of classical chamber music—shall enliven the tedium of the Floral Hall. Among the artists engaged are Mesdames Valleria and Rose Hersee, Messrs. Lloyd, Maas, and Santley.

NOTES AND NEWS.—On Thursday the Carl Rosa Company commenced their provincial season with a performance of M. Massenet's *Manon* at the Crystal Palace. Next week the troupe will go to Ireland, and after a lengthy tour, ending at Liverpool, at Easter they will return to Drury Lane. On Monday Madame Patti will return to her Welsh castle. She will sing at St. James's Hall in November, and will in the autumn give five concerts at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Brighton. On Wednesday the students of the Royal College of Music gave a private performance of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* at the Empire Theatre. On the previous evening the Royal Academy students had an operatic performance. In neither case was criticism invited. —Of the few miscellaneous concerts of the week none are of sufficient interest for special notice. —A festival has this week been given at Chester. The works performed were Gounod's *Redemption*, Dr. Bridge's *Daniel*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Berlioz's *Faust*, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and Handel's *Messiah*. —Dr. Hans Richter has definitely declined the offer to conduct the German Opera season in New York next winter. —We understand that Mr. Eugene d'Albert, who is spending the summer holidays at Coburg, is putting the finishing touches to a new symphony. —*Messiah* was the first of a series of oratorio performances at cheap prices given at the Albert Palace on Saturday. —Mr. Eaton Fanning, of the Royal Academy of Music, has been appointed music master at Harrow School in place of Mr. John Farmer, who has proceeded to Oxford. A testimonial to Mr. Farmer is being subscribed for. —It is now officially announced that Dr. Hans Richter will conduct *Mors et Vita* at the Birmingham Festival, M. Gounod having been advised not to return to England. The oratorio will be performed to the Latin text, and no English version has been added to the vocal score, which seems a pity. —Madame Christine Nilsson will return in November, to sing at concerts in London and elsewhere.



THE BISHOP OF SYDNEY gives through the press a denial to the statement made by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., that he advised the clergy of his Diocese to repel from Communion persons who have contracted marriages with their deceased wives' sisters. The Bishop does all he can to discourage such marriages. "But," he says, "discouragement is one thing; excommunication is altogether another."

DR. POOLE, late Missionary Bishop in Japan, whose death at the early age of thirty-three was recorded in our last week's "Obituary," graduated at Worcester College, Oxford, and being admitted to priest's Orders in 1877, held for a year or two the curacy of St. Aldate, Oxford. In 1878 he went to India on his appointment to the Mastership of the Noble High School at Masulipatam, in the Madras Presidency. In 1882 the Church Missionary Society appointed him to the Mission at Telugu, in Southern India, and in October, 1883, he was consecrated at Lambeth Bishop of Japan.

AT THE LAST MEETING of the Governing Body of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, which assists not only the widows and unmarried daughters of deceased clergymen, but necessitous clergymen themselves, eighty-eight petitions were considered, and grants made amounting to 960*l.* During May and June the number of petitions presented was 354, and the sum of 4,275*l.* was distributed.

THE REV. A. HERRING having completed a quarter of a century's minister's work in St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, the event was celebrated by his parishioners. Among many other services to them and to the community, he has assisted in the emigration of nearly 5,000 persons to the American Colonies, and has visited 60,000 homes in connection with outbreaks of cholera and the suffering inflicted by severe winters.

PRESIDING ON TUESDAY at a Conference held under the auspices of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, Viscount Sidmouth advocated the shortening of the interval between death and burial. The same view was enforced in a letter read from Lord Shaftesbury approving of the objects of the Association, and condemning the practice of placing bodies in imperishable coffins, to be preserved in a half-decomposed state, as one "dishonouring to the dead and injurious to the living."

THROUGH A DONATION of 300*l.* from the Earl of Leven and Melville, two roads of ground surrounding St. Paul's Chapel, in Globe Street, close to the Surrey Commercial Docks, and described by the Rector of Rotherhithe as formerly a desolate place, have been converted by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association into an attractive play and recreation ground, which was opened to the public on Monday by the Princess Frederica of Hanover. Among the speakers was Lord Brabazon, who said that the nearest open space was Southwark Park, a mile distant.

AT ITS ANNUAL SESSION at Newcastle, on Tuesday, of the Wesleyan Conference the Rev. Richard Roberts was elected its President for the ensuing year, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Greaves. A committee was appointed to draw up a petition to the House of Commons urging the immediate passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill.



THE annals of the stage abound in memorable farewells; but rarely have they recorded a more interesting leave-taking than that of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on Monday evening. The Prince of Wales was not only present with the Princess of Wales and their family, but had extended to the performance a special patronage; and among the audience who crowded every part of the house were to be seen numerous representatives of art, literature, and science. That the "profession" would muster in great force both before and behind the curtain; and that their desire to take some part, however slight, in the entertainments would necessitate one of those programmes of odds and ends familiar on such occasions, was only what was to be expected. Mr. Irving's singularly effective recitation of Mr. Clement Scott's verses which followed upon the representation of the last two acts of *Masks and Faces*; Mr. Toole's humorous recital of his difficulties at the stage door; and finally Mr. Bancroft's speech, admirably worded, though somewhat too solemnly delivered,

together with the vast floral display upon the stage, and the frequent calls and recalls for these distinguished favourites of the public, are incidents which will linger long in the memory of those who were privileged to be present on this famous last night.

We are unfortunately not able to say much in favour of Mr. Julian Cross's new farcical comedy brought out at the COMEDY Theatre on Wednesday afternoon with the title of *Boiling Water*. Its cardinal notion is nothing more fresh than the inconveniences accruing to one Mr. Smith from being mistaken for another Mr. Smith. Neither the play nor the acting calls for any detailed criticism.

The theatrical season may be said to have now reached its lowest ebb; but there are already some preternaturally early tokens of a turn in the tide. Thus the ADELPHI reopens this evening for a summer season with a revival of *Arrah Na Pogue*, and on Monday DRURY LANE reopens with Mr. Charles Reade's *Never Too Late to Mend*.

The performances at the LYCEUM Theatre on Tuesday afternoon on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund were characterised by the customary extensive and varied programme, enlisting the services of numerous distinguished performers. They were well attended, and are understood to have resulted in substantial advantage to the Fund.

On Thursday next, 30th of July, Miss Ellen Terry takes her benefit at the LYCEUM Theatre, on which occasion *Olivia* will be played. The evening will be the last of the present season. The theatre will remain closed till Saturday, 5th of September, when it will reopen with *Olivia*.



THE TURF.—During the last few weeks racing has been sadly overdone, and there is a very general feeling that the Jockey Club is much to blame for allowing such a superabundance of meetings. The result of so many gatherings, clashing with one another, and the hard state of the training-grounds, has been that the supply of horseflesh has not been equal to the demand, and valuable stakes in all directions have produced but poor fields. This week the racing at Durham and Leicester has been very poor, and really calls for no special comment, except to note that at the last-named track St. Alvere won the Knighton Plate of 1,000 sovs. for two-year-olds, beating four opponents. Talking of two-year-olds, the most interesting race for youngsters of late was that for the Kempton Park Grand Stakes, though only four came to the post. Saraband, the unbeaten, was of course made favourite, but failed to give the 13 lbs. required to Sunrise, who beat him after a magnificent set-to by a short head. It is evident that the winner is a first-class and improving filly, and though Saraband has now a blot on his escutcheon it is no disgrace to him, and there are those who still believe him superior to the unconquered Bard, who recently at Manchester scored his fourteenth success, including walks-over—a record without parallel in the history of the Turf. —The last issue of the *Racing Calendar* gives the entries for the Derby and Oaks of 1887, which are more or less an index to the prosperity of the Turf. For the former there are eleven less than last year, but for the latter there is a slight increase on the last two years. A notable feature in the Derby catalogue is that the Prince of Wales has in his own name entered an animal for both races, and thus may be said to have publicly given his adhesion to the Turf. This may increase his popularity in certain quarters, but if it be not speaking high treason, his action in this matter is very questionable on its general policy, and not likely to raise our future King in the estimation of the majority of those whose opinion is worth having. The remembrance of the connection of a certain Prince Regent with the Turf is not a pleasant one.—For the St. Leger, Melton has returned to his former quotation of 2 to 1, and, if all goes well with him, is likely to start a hot favourite.

CRICKET.—The Counties, after a temporary lull, have been very busy again. Surrey has somewhat fallen from its high estate, having been beaten by Yorkshire by 188 runs, and its match with Lancashire ending in a draw, much in favour of the Northerners. For Lancashire, Briggs made 186.—The defeat of Notts by Yorkshire in a single innings, with 23 runs to spare, makes the prospect of the Midland County again being the "boss" of the year somewhat doubtful. In this match again "centuries" were scored, Grimshaw and Lee both making over 100 each for Yorkshire.—Owing to Shrewsbury's 224 (not out), Notts made a better show against Middlesex, winning by an innings and 154 runs.—Yorkshire has yet another victory to record, namely, that over Gloucestershire by an innings and 4 runs, notwithstanding the 102 scored for the Western County in his second innings by Mr. Gilbert.—Kent has scored an easy victory over Hampshire, whose representatives have also suffered defeat at the hands of Somerset.—Lancashire has the credit of a brilliant victory over the M.C.C. by eight wickets, the Northerners in their second innings making no less than 229 runs with the loss of only two wickets, Barlow making 117, and Mr. O. P. "Lancashire" 76 (not out).—Some "bowling extraordinary" has to be put on record. In the Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, above mentioned, Harrison, the fast Northern bowler, towards the conclusion of the match took five wickets for two runs. Mycroft, the Derbyshire bowler, at Epsom, took ten wickets at the Medical College for thirteen runs, and at Lord's in the M.C.C. v. Lancashire match eight wickets for 45 runs. At Eastbourne Jesse Hide, playing for the "locals" v. Bexley, not only made the excellent score of 115, but in the first innings of the opponents took eight wickets for 43 runs, and in the second innings the whole of the ten wickets for 43 runs. A splendid performance, which will rank as one of the most noteworthy of the year.

AQUATICS.—At the Kingston Regatta, which took place on Saturday last, the Senior Eights were won by an amalgamation crew of Kingston and Twickenham men, who beat the Thames and London K.C.—The first of the five races arranged between the ex-Champion, Hanlan, and Teemer, which is for two miles, will probably take place towards the end of next month. There seems to be a widely-spread feeling in Canada that Teemer is the "coming man."

LAWN TENNIS.—At Wimbledon, in the final for the Ladies' Championship, the far-famed Miss Maud Watson beat Miss Bingley by two sets to love. For the Four-handed Championship the brothers Renshaw, as anticipated, beat A. J. Stanley and C. E. Farrer by three sets to love. The meeting was a great success from beginning to end.

SWIMMING.—Nine crack swimmers came to the post on Saturday last on the Welsh Harp water to contest the Mile Amateur Championship, when S. Sargeant, of the Portsmouth Harriers, proved the winner by fifty yards. His time was 32 min. 11½ sec.

CYCLING.—The Fifty Miles' Amateur Bicycling Championship, contested on Saturday last on the Crystal Palace track by four starters, was won by R. H. English, of the North Shields A.B.C., who covered the distance in 2 h. 45 min. 13.4 sec. The fastest time on record for this competition is the Hon. Keith-Falconer's 2 h. 43 min. 58¾ sec. in 1882.—The almost innumerable struggles

for various professional championships in which Wood and Howell have taken conspicuous parts, each beating the other in turn, become somewhat wearisome. On the recent occasion of the Twenty-Five Miles' Championship, run at Leicester, Wood beat Howell by barely a foot in a field of seven.—At Lillie Bridge a few days ago, at the annual garden party of the Balloon Society, several ladies took part in tricycle contests, Mrs. Maude winning the One Mile and the One Mile Tandem Race, having Mr. J. W. Maude as her partner.—The King of Greece has become an enthusiastic tricycle rider.

FOOTBALL.—Though this is not football weather, the Special General Meeting of the Football Association held a few days ago is of too great interest to be overlooked, as the question of "professionalism" in that game was at last decided in the affirmative, and henceforth professional players will be recognised under certain conditions as to birth and residence in the districts for which they play. All professionals will have to be annually registered in the books of the Association. We have always been of opinion that the introduction of the professional element would not work well, as there is no real parallel between football and cricket. We sincerely hope that we are mistaken.

POLO.—The Hurlingham and Ranelagh Clubs have played another match on the ground of the former, when, after a most spirited contest between the two teams, which were composed of crack players, victory rested with Hurlingham by five goals to two.

THE LITERATURE of our Sports and Pastimes is about to be enriched with a series of volumes to be published by Messrs. Longman and Co. This is to be called the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes," in compliment to the Duke of Beaufort, who will edit it with the assistance of Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

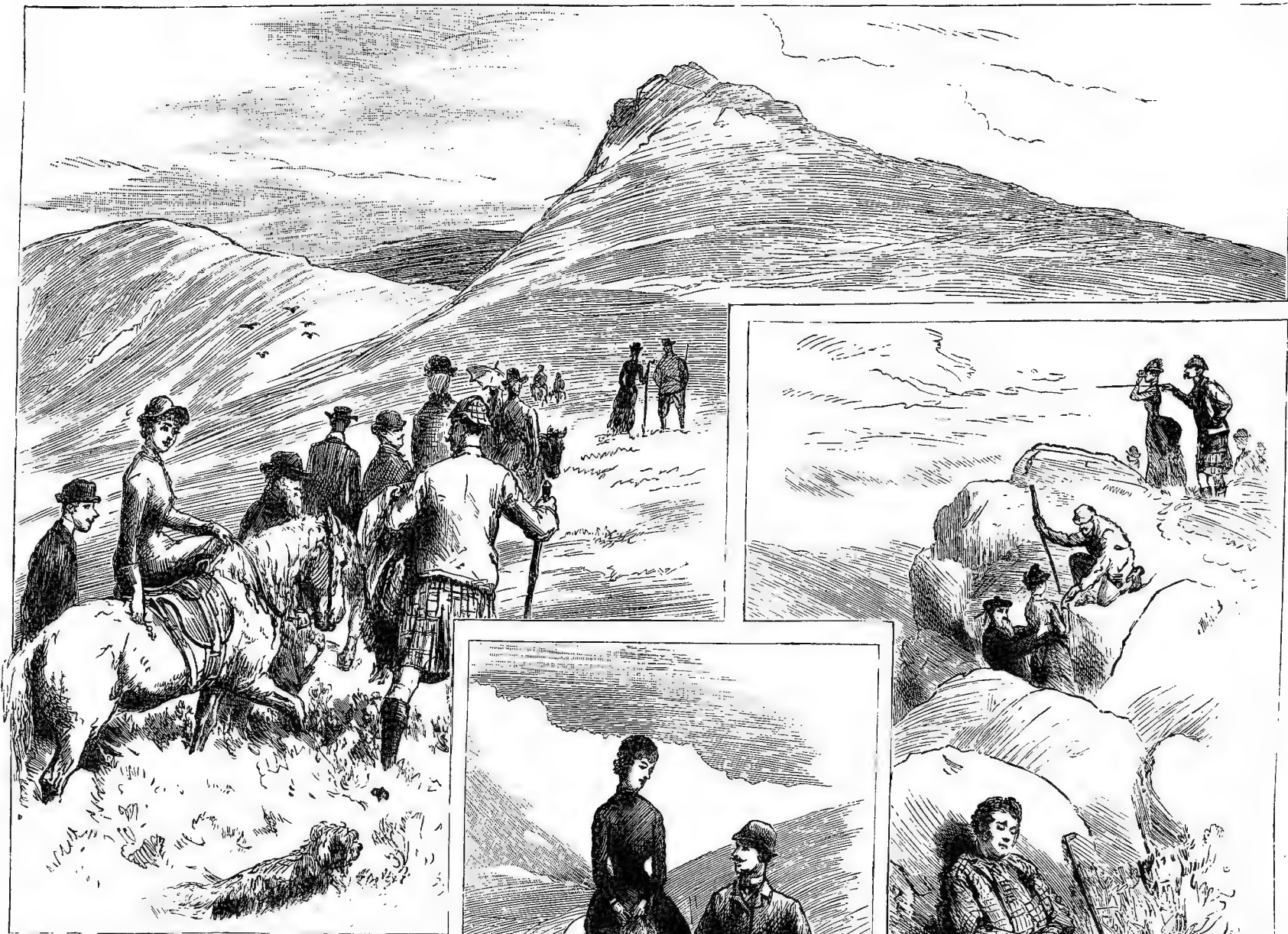
To any-one who wishes to make a conscientious and thorough study of any particular branch of art, there cannot be a greater assistance than the reminiscences, technical and otherwise, of one who has become specially identified with that branch in its highest development. Value of this kind, apart from its other numerous attractions, attaches to the handsome volume entitled "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters," by Helena Faucit, Lady Martin (Blackwood). We cannot conceive of a book better calculated to guide and instruct a juvenile aspirant to histrionic fame—always supposing her to have any real genius; there is food for thought in almost every page, whilst some of the incidental remarks might well be laid to heart by both actors and managers in the present day, e.g., those on excessive stage decoration, on bedizening of the face, and on the superiority of German stage management—especially as shown in the representation of *Othello*. The letters, eight in number, were originally begun at the instigation of the late Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who, however, lived to see only two of them, the remainder were addressed to the late Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Anna Swanwick, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Ruskin; in addition to these an appendix contains some notes on the *Blot on the Scutcheon*, on the performance of *Antigone* in Dublin, the "Lady of Lyons," "Lady Macbeth," &c.; and the whole will be found of singular interest. Naturally some of the most attractive episodes are those in which Lady Martin lifts the curtain, and gives us a glimpse of her own private life both in childhood and in more mature—though still juvenile—years. One can picture the youthful enthusiast alone on the sea-shore with her beloved Shakespeare, or sportively enacting Juliet with the assistance of her elder sister; and still more vividly can one picture the scene when the poor child faints at the sight of her own blood, and on reviving grieves chiefly over the spoiling of her pretty new dress—the mere pain of the cut hand was as nothing to that. Particularly interesting also is Lady Martin's account of her childish interview with Edmund Kean, upon whom the young girl seems to have made a deep impression, although, owing to unexplained circumstances, the casual acquaintance was not fated to ripen into intimacy. In the notes on *Ophelia* a good suggestion is made, viz.: that she had been put out to nurse in the country as a child, and that it is to the coarse songs of the peasants, forgotten in health, that her unhinged mind reverts during the mad scene. This explanation, or something akin to it, may explain the otherwise unintelligible fact that the most refined and purest women will, in an access of mania, use words and language which it would have been thought they never could have even heard. Gertrude is supposed, not without strong internal evidence, to have been still in the pride of matronly beauty, and to have been innocent of any guilty knowledge of her husband's death—this, as many will remember, is the view taken of the case by Oehlenschläger in his Danish tragedy of the same name. To our thinking, the two most perfect studies are those of Portia and Beatrice: it is difficult to say which of the two is the more charming. Some may object to the fanciful sketch given of the after-life of the lady of Belmont, and we must confess that no amount of tender and graceful argument can reconcile us to the idea of Portia penetrating the slums of the Venetian Ghetto for the purpose of converting Shylock. But the conception shows such a beautiful and womanly mind on the part of its originator, that one cannot but give reluctant assent to the improbability. We are not so ready to believe that Imogen died young, from the effects of her troubles—surely, she at least had deserved a long and happy life! That ill-starred lady Desdemona is admirably treated, as, indeed, are all the other characters touched upon; but space forbids us to do more than recommend the entire book to all lovers of Shakespeare.

We really hardly know what to say about "Leonidas; or the Bridal of Thanatos, a Dramatic Poem," by Frederick Harvey Barling (Wyman). It is not a poem in any worthy sense of the word, and its dramatic qualities partake of the nature of burlesque, which is hardly the treatment for such a subject. As for the verse, it is of the character one would naturally expect in a feeble production of the last named sort, and the author has absolutely no sense of the ridiculous, but then he pleads "poetic, dramatic, and any other license" as to historical events, so, perhaps, it must also be granted in literary matters. Still there is a limit, and the scene in Xerxes's tent is in part broad farce approaching to a pantomime rally. The piece is plentifully studded with songs, some of which insensibly fit themselves to music, only the music is that of, say *Madame Angot*. Some of the characters greatly affect strings of epithets, as "that cruel, crackling, hissing, roaring, leaping fire," "that sheening, pale, cool, lambent, flickering light," or, "thou cold, cruel, gleaming, sharpen'd blade." Noble stories have before now received inadequate treatment, but it was reserved for the nineteenth century, and Mr. Barling, to present the story of Thermopylæ in the guise of a fifth-rate *opera bouffe*.

A little volume of religious verse rather above the average is "Towards the Truth," Thoughts in Verse, by Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. (Longmans). Being written from a Romanist point of view, its popularity must almost necessarily be of a somewhat eclectic nature, though it really contains very little with which unprejudiced men of wide sympathies might not agree; the metre chosen, that of *In Memoriam*, is extremely well managed. But the following stanza is startling, considered as an argument:

We may, then, take it to be true—
Since none can prove it not to be—
That you are what you seem to me
As I am what I seem to you.

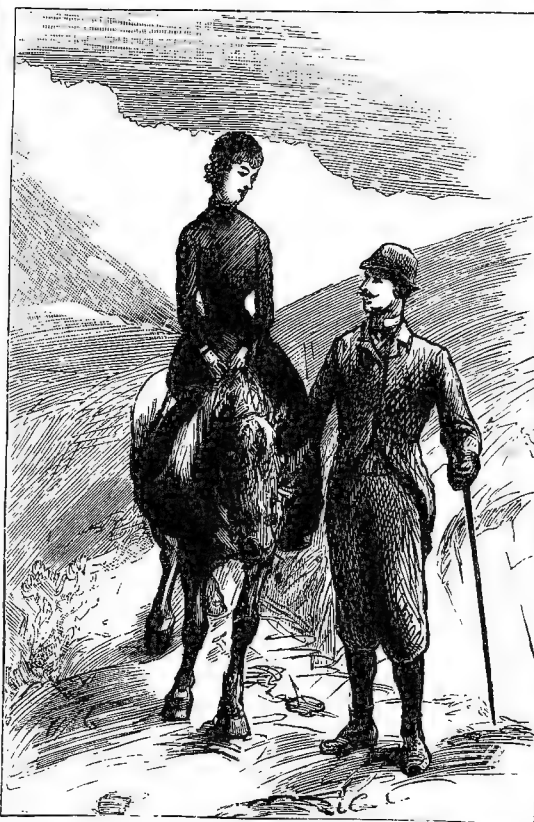
We always thought it was impossible to prove a negative.



THE ASCENT



MR. BROWN DOES NOT SEE THE VIEW



MISS GRACE'S PONY HAD TO BE LOOKED AFTER MOST CAREFULLY

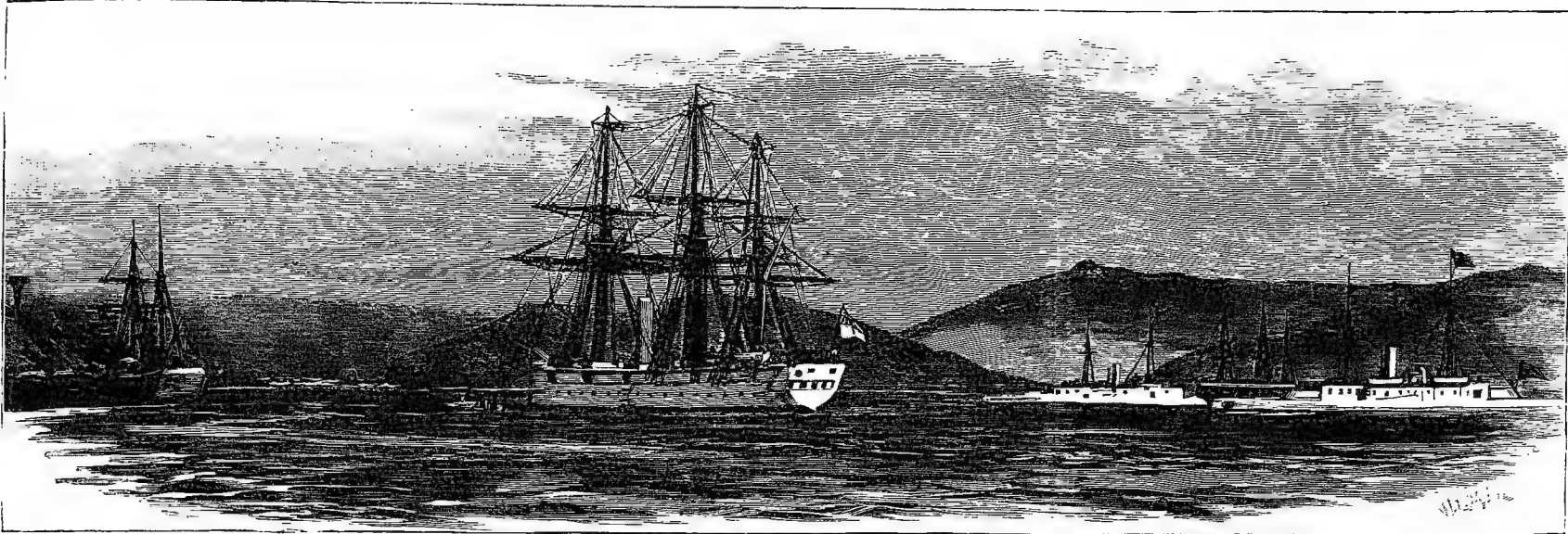


BUT MISS DOLEFUL'S STEED MANAGED TO GET DOWN BY HIMSELF

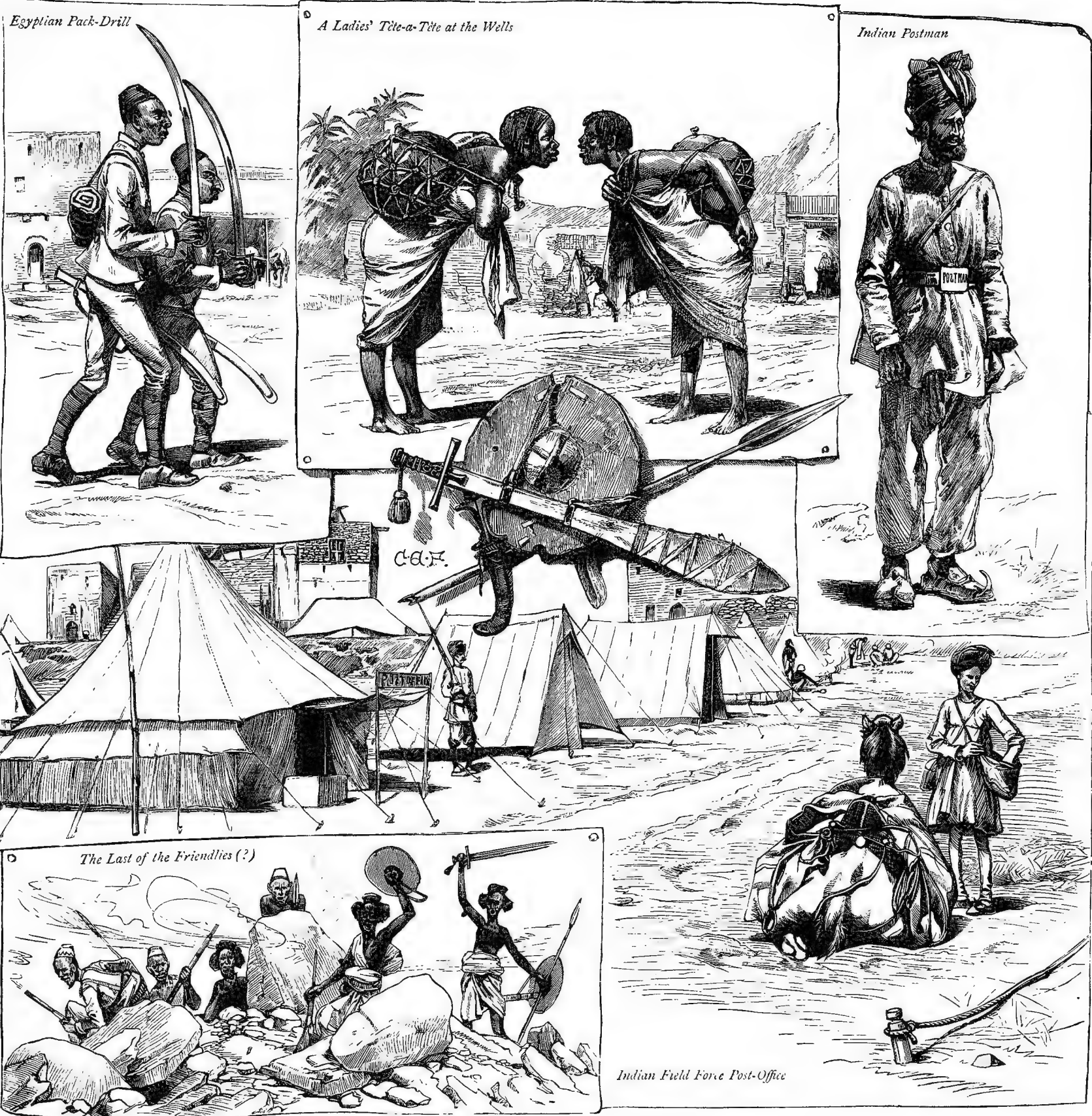


A CONVENIENT CAVE

A PICNIC IN SCOTLAND



THE HARBOUR OF PORT HAMILTON, COREA
THE NEW COALING STATION IN THE NORTH PACIFIC



LAST NOTES AT SUAKIM
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIFF

Henry Dryerre, the author of "Love Idylls, Ballads, and Other Poems" (Edinburgh: John Menzies), labours under a not uncommon delusion. He says, "Apology or explanation in some form or other is generally looked for on the appearance of a new volume, particularly of poetry;" now, as a matter of fact, nobody looks for anything of the sort, or cares twopenny about it when it appears. If verse has not enough intrinsic merit to be worth giving to the world, nothing can form an adequate excuse for the impertinence of its publication. However, Mr. Dryerre does not apologise, but leaves his rhymes to stand on their own merit. This is not of a very high order, but the book contains some pretty songs which will no doubt give pleasure, and one or two fairly good pieces of a more ambitious type. By far the best of these is "Burns," which contains one happy conceit:—

Thy words, a ploughman thou of thought,
With such potential spirit fraught,
Have turned the soil of human hearts,
Till from each furrow daily starts
Such wealth of harvesting and flowers,
For winter dearth and summer hours,
That men, amazed, grateful, sigh,
To find what treasures in them lie.

We should advise Mr. Dryerre not to attempt ballads: they are evidently not in his line; but he has some humour, as shown in "Zonane." The book may pass muster of its kind.

Mr. Edwin Arnold's last volume of verse saw the light such a very short time ago, that it is fair to suppose he had already in readiness "The Song Celestial, or Bhagavad-Gitā, from the Mahābhārata" (Trübner). The poem is, as might be guessed, one of those expositions of Oriental morality and religion which seem to have such a fascination for the translator, but may, to ordinary people, appear rather dull and uninteresting, notwithstanding one or two fine passages, and at least one striking lyric,

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,

The technical part of the work is good on the whole, though we wonder that Mr. Arnold should have presented us, as blank verse, with such a line as "I say to thee weapons reach not the life." A glossary is sadly needed.



RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON draws towards wheat harvest, and the slight but perceptible shortening of the days warns us how far the year is already advanced. The wheat crop has eared and bloomed under favourable circumstances, and within the last fortnight there has been sufficient moisture to fill out the grain and give plump instead of lean corn. Farmers are now decidedly hopeful with respect to the yield of the leading cereal. Barley is thin, especially on the light lands; at the same time, it is a regular growth, and may still attain nearly, if not quite, an average yield. Oats are a good colour, but very short in the straw. Since the recent rains they may be expected to improve. The winter-sown, which in Kent are almost ready for cutting, look exceedingly well. The hay has been for the most part got in very satisfactorily. In the Eastern Counties the bulk is up to an average, elsewhere this is not quite the case; at the same time the yield is far better in every way than was expected at the end of May. Mangels have been more suited by the season than have other roots. They are generally forward, but many fields show an evil wealth of weeds. Swedes are not very promising, though they are usually free from fly. The potato fields are not looking well, and after two years of an average produce there is some fear that the present season may result in a deficiency. Hops are growing irregularly, and complaints come from Kent, Sussex, and Worcester of insect damage.

THE ROYAL SHOW, held this year at Preston, was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and although two days out of the five were wet, a vast number of persons visited the exhibition. The ground at Moor Park was narrow and straggling, but there was no want of drainage, as at Kilburn and Carlisle. The Show itself comprised a fair display of cart-horses, the three-year-olds being of especial promise. Suffolks were well represented, considering the distance from their native county. Of cart mares and fillies a really handsome collection had been got together. The class for best pair of draught horses did not fill. Somehow this is seldom a good class. The shorthorns were not an extraordinarily good show. The best were the heifers of 1883 and 1884. The first prize for old bulls was taken by Mr. Chapman, an exhibitor all the way from Cornwall. Thus does the Royal Show link together the most distant parts of England. The Herefords shown were of fine quality, but not particularly numerous. The two-year-olds were very choice. The managers of the "Royal" were not at all generous to the Devon breed, for which so few prizes were offered and so few classes made that many breeders were too indignant to send at all. Under these circumstances the show of Devons was not at all representative, and accordingly may best be left without criticism. Sussex cattle were not well shown, but the Welsh breeds were admirably represented. Earl Cawdor, Mr. W. E. Oakley, and Mr. J. Davies were the leading contributors to one of the finest shows of Welsh cattle which we have yet seen. The Norfolk red-poll cattle were a large and fine show, and almost all the great East Anglian breeders took the field. Mr. Alfred Taylor was first in the old bull class, where he just beat Mr. J. J. Colman. Lord Hastings sent the best young bull, and the Duke of Hamilton the second. For cows Mr. J. J. Colman and the Duke of Hamilton competed closely with very fine animals, while Mr. Tyssen-Amherst sent a splendid heifer which took the first prize for the class of "calves in 1883." The show of dairy cattle was probably the finest ever seen at a meeting of the Royal. The Jerseys, which looked formidable in the catalogue, were not a very large show in reality. For some reason or other there were a great many absentees. The three-year-olds, however, were very strong. The polled Angus cattle were not so good a show as the northern place of meeting might have led one to expect. The Galloways and Ayrshires were disappointing. Evidently Scotland is, agriculturally, still a separate kingdom, and Scotch breeders don't care greatly about crossing the frontier. Among sheep, the Southdowns were fine, though not the best show we have seen. Leicesters, also, were fair, but not extraordinary. The Cotswolds, being remarkably fine in both the ram and the lamb classes, take a high place among the successes of the Show, and Lincolns came out unusually strong. The Oxfordshire Downs, however, showed greater advance in strength and favour than any other breed, not excepting the fine and formidable display of Shropshires. The small white and the Berkshire pigs were a good show. So were the Essex black breed. Other classes were poor.

THE PRIZE FARMS in the Lancashire and Cheshire Competition are as follow:—Class I. Arable farm of over 100 acres. Mr. W. Gore Ashton, of Roby Farm, near Liverpool. Class II. Arable farm of over thirty acres. Mr. John Cropper, of Moss Side Farm, near Liverpool. Class III. Dairy farm of over 100 acres. Mr. John Sea, of Stapleford Hall, near Tarvin, Cheshire. Class IV. Dairy farm of over thirty acres. Mr. E. G. Hathersall, of Broughton Farm, near Preston. Class V. Stock-breeding farm

of over 100 acres. Mr. George Ashburner, of Low Hill Farm, near Cartmel, Lancashire. Class VI. Stock-breeding farm of over thirty acres. Here the prize went to Mr. Cottam, of Lancaster, as he was the only competitor. There was also a prize for the best farm of under forty acres worked by the farmer and his family. This prize went to Mr. W. Loxham, of Leyland, near Preston.

AT THE MEETING held in the Showyard Canon Bagot drew attention to the fact that large quantities of butterine continued to be imported and sold as butter. He regretted the apathy of the Council. Mr. Nuttall urged that the Council should do more for teaching dairy-farming than they had yet done. The President, Sir Massey Lopes, agreed with Canon Bagot on the need for Government interference with the sham-butter trade. The Prince of Wales was elected President for the ensuing year, when the Show will be held at Norwich.

THE COUNCIL OF AGRICULTURE.—Replying to a question by Mr. Paget in the House of Commons, Mr. Chaplin stated that the Committee of Council for the consideration of all matters relating to the Agriculture of this country was appointed in June last, and consisted of the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Harrowby, the Earl of Lathom, Sir Richard Cross, and Mr. E. Stanhope, and all matters relating to Agriculture would be referred to them. The Committee, two forming a quorum, exercised all the powers conferred on the Privy Council of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act. In addition to that, they received and considered all reports and statistics from the colonies and from foreign countries, and all Agricultural returns were placed under their supervision. All correspondence was carried on by them, and all Orders in Council passed through them. We agree with Mr. Paget that it is desirable to know a little more about the proceedings of this powerful but little-known body.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—After a considerable interval this terrible infection has again invaded England. The new centre of disease is in Amptill Park, Bedford, in which there are grazing over one hundred cattle, of which between twenty and thirty were affected at the end of last week, and 450 sheep, ewes, and lambs, of which more than a score were seen to be diseased; and there is little doubt that if the whole of the flock had been examined a much larger number would have been found to be suffering from the malady. Different rumours are current as to the origin of the outbreak, but nothing of a satisfactory kind has yet been suggested in explanation, and the inquiry is still going on.

COVERED-IN FOLD-YARDS are attracting increased attention, especially among farmers in Yorkshire and the more inclement parts of Great Britain. Mr. J. Dent-Dent, late President of the "Royal" Society, tried wooden roofs over two of his yards as an experiment last winter, and he is so well satisfied with the result that he proposes to cover in another in the autumn. The subject was dealt with by Mr. R. J. Mann at a recent meeting of the Boroughbridge Agricultural Society, and he pointed out the advantages of covered yards as effecting a great saving in fodder and bedding. The cattle required more food to keep up the animal heat if they were placed in yards of variable temperature, and animals with comfortable quarters did a greater amount of good with less food under shelter than when exposed. Farm-yard manure was more valuable if produced under cover, and the late Mr. George Hope was able to grow four tons of potatoes more from manure made under shelters than in the open yard.

SMALL HOLDINGS, said Mr. Pickering Phipps the other day, can be had in plenty now. The market in fact is overstocked with land. As to agricultural labourers making a profit in this climate, he hoped they would be able to do so, but he doubted it. Allotments, he thought, might well be established in almost every parish, especially as work for the farm labourer on big farms was getting gradually less and less. Where a hundred farm labourers were employed in 1871, only eighty-six were employed in 1881. As to co-operative farming, it was a system whereby a number of small men might possibly get on, but it was always a hazardous experiment, and from his own experience he could not say he would be bold enough to recommend it.

NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The foundation stone was duly laid on Tuesday last by the noble President of the Company. The company was numerous, the weather fine, and before another show season comes round we may expect Messrs. Lucas, the contractors, will have finished one of the largest and handsomest buildings in the metropolis, and the West End will have a great centre of agricultural life, connected with all the railways of the kingdom.



LEGAL

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS, Sir Baliol Brett, on being elevated to the Peerage, will be known as Lord Esher, a title taken from Esher, in Surrey, where he formerly resided, and where his brother, Major Sir W. Brett, now resides.

THE VALUE of the personal estate left by the late Earl Cairns is 148,000/.

MRS. WELDON's greatest financial triumph in her frequent appearances in the character of plaintiff has been her recovery of 11,000/ in two actions, one of them for libel, brought against M. Gounod, the celebrated composer. As M. Gounod, however, is both a foreigner and domiciled in a foreign country, Mrs. Weldon finds it no easy matter to extract from him the damages awarded her in London, and the proceedings which she has taken against him in the French Courts of Law seem to have been hitherto fruitless. This week, accordingly, she applied from Holloway Prison, through counsel, to the Queen's Bench Division for leave to serve a summons upon M. Gounod in Paris, calling upon him to show cause why a receiver should not be appointed for any money which is due to him from the Director of the Birmingham Musical Festival and Messrs. Novello, the music publishers, and which she believes will soon be paid to him. Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith concurred in rejecting the application as one which the Court had no power to grant, and Mr. Justice Smith remarking, in the course of the proceedings, that he did not understand how Mrs. Weldon had obtained leave to serve in the action for libel a writ on M. Gounod in Paris, her counsel replied that he had no answer to give.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS has had before it an appeal from a decision of the Court of Appeal which affirmed an order of Mr. Justice Field, dismissing with costs an action brought by the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company (Limited) for an infringement of their alleged right to the sole use of the name of the late Baron von Liebig. Liebig himself desired that there should be no secrecy as to the manufacture of the article, and claimed no monopoly in its sale. The House of Lords intimated in giving judgment that this manufacture is open to all the world, and that the appellant company had no exclusive right to the use of the name of the celebrated German chemist.

AN ACCIDENT-COMPENSATION CASE, rather singular in some of its circumstances, came before Mr. Justice Mathew in the Civil Court at Durham. A tallow-chandler in the North of England, a

widower with seven young children, received, in a collision on one of the North-Eastern Company's lines at Sunderland, severe injuries, and, becoming in consequence insane, was confined in a lunatic asylum, where he committed suicide. His children's friends claimed compensation from the company on the ground that the father's death was the result of the railway accident. After the case had been opened a verdict, by consent, was taken for 500/., to be invested for the benefit of the children.

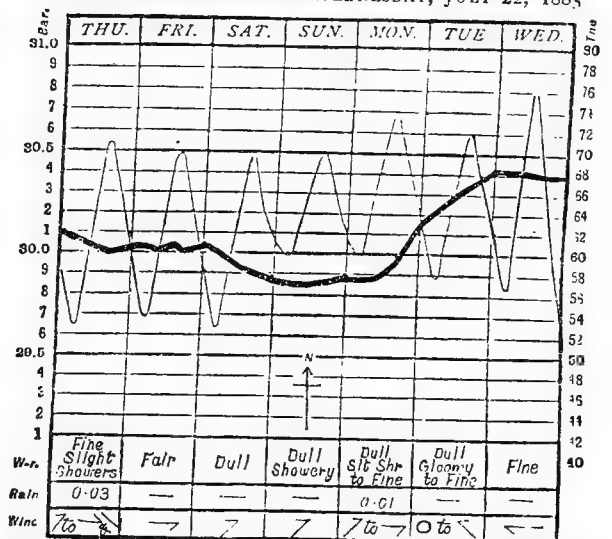
AT THE JULY MIDDLESEX QUARTER SESSIONS for hearing appeals, the Worshipful Street Police Court Magistrate's sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labour was reduced to a fine of 40s. in the case of a person of the name of Maskell, who had assaulted Mr. Charrington, the well-known brewer and philanthropist, while distributing tracts, warning people against entering a certain music hall at the East End. It was pleaded on behalf of the appellant that he had taken more to drink than was good for him, and that he was not one of the habitual assailants of Mr. Charrington, who, as recorded in this column at the time, was ordered by Mr. Justice Chitty to give up distributing tracts designating the music hall "the road to hell." In cross-examination Mr. Charrington said that he had given up distributing that particular tract, but felt so strongly on the subject that he intended to continue distributing others.

THE PORTUGUESE CONSUL-GENERAL, who is also an *attaché* of the Portuguese Legation in London, failed to pay his rates for a house in Blandford Square, the lease of which had been assigned to him. They were eventually paid by the freeholder, and he sued for the amount the original leaseholder, who contended that the Portuguese Consul-General was bound to pay them, and was not privileged from arrest under the Act protecting Ambassadors and their servants. The judge of the Westminster Court has decided, however, that he is privileged as an *attaché*, and gave judgment against the defendant, the original leaseholder.

CONSTANCE KENT, too famous through the Road murder case, which caused a sensation not forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century, was liberated on Saturday. Her original sentence of death was commuted to penal servitude for life, and her liberation now is due, it is understood, to her good conduct in prison.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

The weather during the past week has been showery over the greater part of the United Kingdom, and cool generally, especially in Ireland. A good deal of fog has been experienced at the mouths of the English and Bristol Channels. Several depressions and shallow subsidaries have passed respectively in a North-easterly direction outside our North-Western Coasts and Eastwards across the country, while areas of high pressure have existed over the Bay of Biscay and France. The distribution of pressure produced Westerly breezes at first (in the rear of a depression moving away to the Continent), and fair weather, but subsequently the wind backed to the Southward or South-Westward, and freshened considerably at our exposed stations in the West, with showers over the greater part of the country, and heavy rain in Ireland. Towards the close of the week the barometer rose quickly generally, and very slight gradients for variable air with less showery conditions prevailed in most places. To-day (Wednesday 22nd inst.), a decidedly Easterly current of wind prevails over England with fine weather in the South-Eastern, but fog still continues on our South-Western Coasts. Temperature has been below the average generally—particularly over Ireland; but the falling off has been but slight in the London area. The highest maximum reading of the thermometer up till Tuesday was only 75° (registered over Central England) on Tuesday (21st inst.), while at times the mercury failed to reach 55° in the extreme North and North-West of Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30.43 inches) on Tuesday and Wednesday (21st and 22nd inst.); lowest (29.87 inches) on Sunday (19th inst.); range 0.56 inches. Temperature was highest (76°) on Wednesday (22nd inst.); lowest (53°) on Thursday and Saturday (16th and 18th inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on two days to the amount of 0.04 inch. Greatest fall (0.03 inch) on Wednesday (22nd inst.)

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY for the poor little ones continues the aim of most charitable societies just now, and appeals pour in on all sides. The Fox Court Ragged Schools, Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, plead on behalf of 400 children in a miserably poor quarter, donations to be sent to the Hon. Sec., Mr. T. Fagg, 136, Pentonville Road, N.; or, the Treasurer, Mr. H. W. Elcum, 13, Bedford Row, W.C. Another neighbouring charity, the Rosemary Ragged Schools, Islington, want to take out 650 of their scholars, most of whom are crowded in large families into one room. Contributions received by the Hon. Sec., Mr. E. Austin, 22, Highbury Quadrant, N.; or, the Hon. Superintendent, Mr. Warman, 1, Alwyne Road, N. The same plea is urged by the Boundary Lane Mission, Walworth, whose little scholars live in crowded industrial dwellings without a playground. The Hon. Superintendent, Mr. J. R. Allen, 84, Penrose Street, E.C., will gratefully receive assistance. Then comes the claim of the Hackney Juvenile Mission and Ragged Schools, for help towards 500 children's day's holiday. Subscriptions to be sent to the Hon. Manager, Mr. J. Newman, 120, Cheapside, E.C.—Another appeal dates from Whitechapel, where the Vicar of St. Mark's wants to take 800 children and sick people into the fields on July 30th, noting that his district has had very "hard times" lately, and that the people sorely need the change. Any surplus from donations sent to the Rev. J. Davenport, at St. Mark's Vicarage, will be spent on sending sick children to the seaside.—The London Cottage Mission also petitions for the children from the slums of Stepney and Limehouse. Contributions received by Mr. W. Austin, 44, Finsbury Pavement.—Similar requests are made for the 300 children of Gray's Yard Ragged School, funds to be sent to the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. Fraser, 4, Inverness Terrace, W.; and the 200 poor scholars of the North Street Sunday School—all help to Mr. G. R. Neilson, 14, Mostyn Road, S.W.; while, finally, the Vicar of St. Jude's, Southwark, pleads for help to give a day's fresh air to 400 children and 150 mothers from the heart of South London. Contributions to be sent to the Rev. J. W. Pitchford, at St. Jude's Vicarage.

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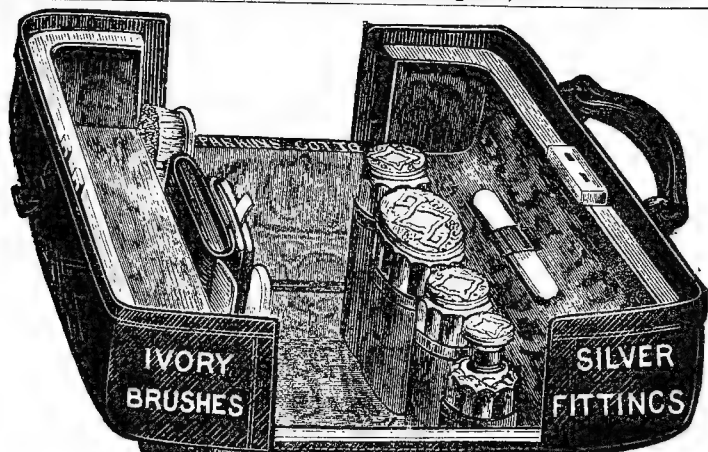
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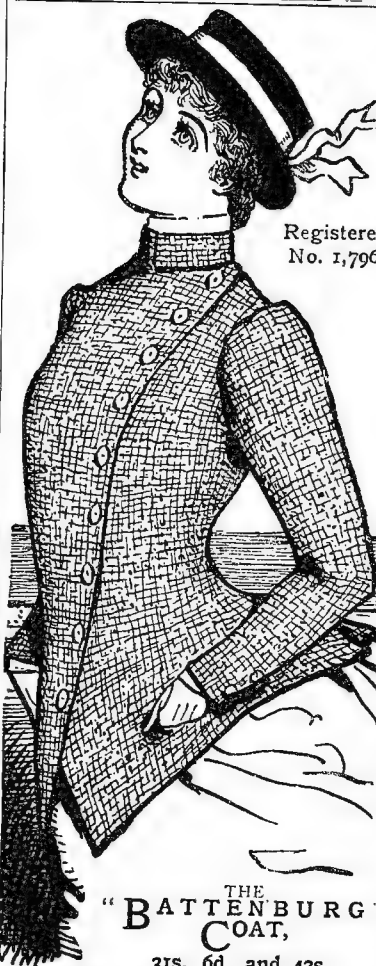


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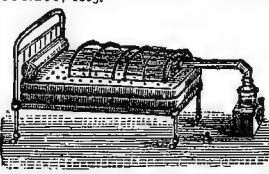
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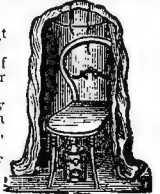
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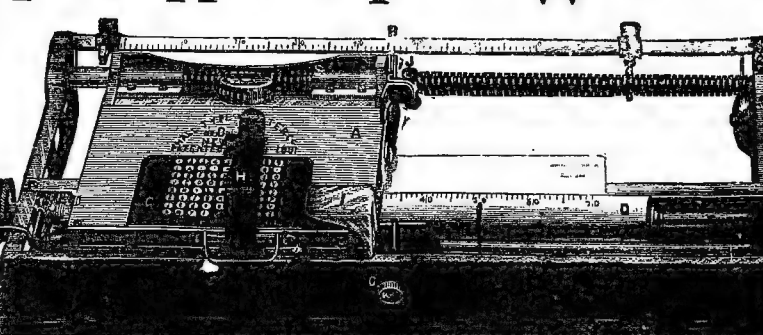


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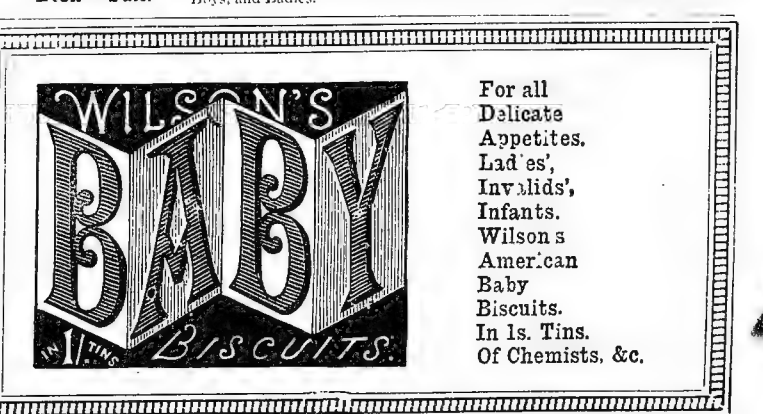
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CHAPTER V. (Continued)

THE landlady, seeing her new guest in conversation, had withdrawn, but at this moment she re-entered, in conversation with an older visitor. She seemed to have considerable difficulty in making him understand what she had to say, for she said the same thing three or four times over, and he looked at her with a puzzled face and an occasional shake of the head.

"It is a pity, monsieur," said the landlady at last, turning upon Farley, "that there is no one here to talk the language of monsieur." The new arrival understood the tenor of this speech, for he wagged his head at the novelist and spoke,

"English, not," he said. "French, so leetel. Ver leetel. Grec? Ah yes. Deutsch? Yes."

"He speaks German, madame," said Fraser splendidly. "Allow me to translate for you." Then, addressing the new comer, "If I can serve you I shall be pleased."

The new arrival smiled, and put a question about the postal arrangements of the town. Fraser got the required information from the landlady, and transferred it. The other was profuse in thanks, and ducked ingratiatingly at his magnificent interpreter.

"I've never been able to get to like that fellow," said Farley, as the man sat down at the dining table after the manner of the place

to write his letter. "He came here shortly after our arrival, and we have been here together ever since. He is always very civil, and he smiles as if by clockwork, but his eyes are a good deal too close together for my fancy; his forehead slopes back too much for my liking; he has a secret hangdog way of hanging about; he has a stealthy way of walking; he is my beau ideal of what a spy should be."

"Ye do expect a spy to understand the language of the land he lives in, don't ye?" asked Fraser.

"Well, yes," Farley admitted laughingly. "I suppose that's needful. But I shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn that he did understand. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if he understood what I am saying now."

"Perhaps he might be," said Fraser. "He'd not be pleased, any way."

"To talk soberly, I might be a little astonished if I found that he spoke English," Farley went on. "But I am pretty nearly certain that he understands more French than he professes to understand. Now you watch him closely. He's listening like a fox. I can tell it by the turn of his head. He always listens. He has always the same stealthy waiting listening look whatever language may be spoken here. I'm going to name a name you know. See if he doesn't change a little at it. The name's Dobroski."

Mr. Farley was a little piqued to have produced no effect whatever, and Fraser laughed.

"What made ye think that name'd move him?" he inquired.

"I thought so," said Farley, with half an air of shame, "because I've got it into my head that the fellow's here for no other purpose than to watch the old man. If that fellow isn't a spy at heart and by nature, whatever he may earn his living by, I'll eat him. And that," he added, "would be an unpleasant thing to pledge oneself to do."

"Ye see, Farley," said the Irishman, "ye've teeken to the Ort of Fiction, and ye can't keep your oydeality away from everyday. I'll tell ye what the man is. He's a Levantine be the look of him. He talks Jorman, and the likelihood is he's one of those fellows that get up the Jorman money lotteries. That's what o'd teek him for among a million. Begad, I would."

The man at the table went on with his letter. He was not at all a bad-looking fellow in spite of Farley's dislike for him. His eyes were certainly too close together, either for candour or beauty, and there might be, for a man who looked upon him with distaste, a certain ophidian suggestion in the broad square slanting forehead, with its unusually projecting brows. The lower part of the face was concealed by beard, whiskers, and moustache, and the nose, though a little pinched at the nostrils, was handsomely shapen. First impressions of him were likelier to be favourable than second or

third. At first, with hair, eyebrows, and beard all glossy black, eyes gleaming black also, and that well-shaped Greek nose of his, he gave the impression of being strikingly handsome. Upon examination that fancy suffered, and the faults of the face came out.

Whilst Farley and Fraser still talked about him, standing at the window, he arose and walked to the end of the room, where stood a table spread with writing materials. Taking from this a little porcelain jar of sand he sprinkled a part of its contents on the sheet he had just written, and then, turning with the paper in both hands, he stood sifting the fine sand to and fro in an absent way, regarding meanwhile the two men at the window. At that moment the expression of his face was sinister, but as Farley turned in speaking his face cleared, and when their eyes met he was smiling, and he gave that little half-nod whereby some people always recognise a glance of which they are conscious from a man they know.

The nod was directed at Farley, but Fraser saw it also.

"He's a friendly sort of little beggar, begad," said the Irishman. "Ye know, now, I'm very fond of the Continental character."

"Which Continental character?" asked Farley, who had received the nod with no response, and now turned upon his companion with something of a set repulsion upon his face.

"I was thinking of the sympathetic side of it," said Fraser. "The little beggar catches your eye, and he smiles, and just gives ye a little bit of a nod, as much as to say, 'I see ye. There ye are, and ye're pleasing to look at.' It's only the sympathetic natures that have that knack of feeling."

"I suppose," Farley answered, "that when you talk about a sympathetic nature, you mean a nature which feels what you feel, and responds to it."

"Precisely," said Fraser.

"Then if the gentleman at the other end of the room had been properly sympathetic he should have scowled and shaken his fist at me, instead of grinning and nodding. As you say, it's only the sympathetic natures that have that knack of feeling, but it's only the utterly unsympathetic nature that has the knack of pretending to feel in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and with the wrong people."

"Ye're an oddly prejudiced fellow, Farley," Fraser answered, with his air of excuse for other people's failings. "Have ye doyned? The neighbourhood's a delectful picturesque look about it. Will we take a walk? I'd a tolerably substantial snack at Bruxelles, and I'm not wanting anything just now."

"Yes," said Farley, "we have dined, and we'll take a walk if you like. The moon will be up in an hour, and to my mind this is the most delightful time of the day. The boy's in bed, Lucy?"

"Yes," answered his wife. "May I come with you? Or do you wish to be by yourselves?"

"Now," cried Fraser, beaming and bowing, "are we borbahrians, Mrs. Farley?"

The foreigner had got back to his table, and was there examining a number of papers he had taken from his pocket-book. As the lady passed him he rose to make a wider way for her, and bowed and smiled. Fraser threw open the door with stately courtesy, and he and Farley followed. The foreign gentleman stood with his hand on the back of the chair he had just removed, and smiled until the door was closed. Even then he smiled, but the expression of his face was at once wrathful and derisive.

"Penetrating individual," he said, as he saw Farley pass the window in the rear of his wife and Fraser.

CHAPTER VI.

DOBROSKI stood at the door of the Cheval Blanc with one foot crossed over the other, his shoulders leaning against the rough-hewn wall, and a book held loosely in one depending hand. Seeing Fraser and his two companions approaching he walked into the middle of the road, and awaited them. As they neared him, he bowed absently to Mrs. Farley, and, advancing, took the novelist by the arm, and turned to walk with him.

"I have been reading this since I left you," he said, holding up the book. "I wish you were one of us."

"Oh," said Farley, blushing a little, as he reached out a hand for the volume. The book was his own, and his last. He was full of simplicities, though people had of late begun to tell him he was a great man—that by the way was a statement on which he refused to repose the slightest faith—and the sight of his own work in so out-of-the-world a place flattered him. Some of his simplicities were almost infantine.

"Why," he asked, handling the volume in a way which betrayed his self-consciousness, "why should this make you wish that I were one of you?"

"You have done what few have done," said Dobroski; "you have looked at the great problem."

"Don't you think," returned Austin, "that the great problems are things that *will* be looked at? Don't you think most people find themselves compelled to look?"

"The men whose nature forces them to look," said the old man with his tired voice and mournful manner.

"Ah!" said Austin, "that is true of your great problem and of mine. But then, you see, every man has a problem at which his nature does force him to look, if the solution only tells him at which village alehouse he may get the best beer."

"Good sir," entreated Dobroski, "do not let us descend to mere talk. I want to commune with you, to show you my thoughts, to see your own."

"I know beforehand," said Austin, "that there can be no fair exchange between us. In your aviary there are two or three indisputably majestic old eagles. I have seen one or two of them already. I can show you an assemblage of sparrows, and perhaps a pigeon. I am not a serious personage, or to be taken seriously, Mr. Dobroski."

"You took this seriously enough," said the old man, tapping the book which Farley still held in his hand.

"Not at all," said Austin. "It was that which took me seriously."

"Better still. The man who is taken seriously by his own work is worth a score of the man who only takes his work seriously. Come, Mr. Farley. I want—not a convert—I am hopeless of you there—but a counsellor. There are things here," he tapped the book again. "There are things in my own mind."

He drew the volume away from Farley's fingers, and walked on in silence for a moment. The village street was growing dusky already, in spite of the late glories of the sunset, which still lingered in the higher skies. Fraser was talking with amiable volubility to Mrs. Farley a dozen yards ahead; and the novelist, but for a certain nervous politeness which often troubled him to excess, would willingly have joined them. That nervous fear of hurting the susceptibilities of another would have kept him at Dobroski's side, even without the direct appeal the old man had just made to him, but he did not like the opening of the talk, and he felt himself by no means eligible for election into the doubtful army of which Dobroski was one of the chief commanders.

"I am a mere man of books," he said, "and reasonably ignorant even there. You are a man of books, and a man of action too."

"I think," Dobroski began doubtfully, after a moment's silence, without remarking Farley's feeble stroke of fence, "I think you regard us sympathetically? We are not a mere band of purposeless and murderous madmen to your eyes? You see that we have a real claim to ask for something?"

"I see a good deal of suffering in the world," said Farley. "I

see a good deal of tyranny. Men who try to relieve suffering and to put down tyranny are men to be sympathised with. Those amongst them who devote their whole lives to such purposes are the saints of these days. But—, do you remember, Mr. Dobroski, that you quoted 'Pickwick' to me at our first interview?"

"Did I? Yes. I remember. What of 'Pickwick' here, and now?"

"Mr. Weller speaks somewhere of a gentleman who cut off his little boy's head to cure him of squinting."

"Ah! That is your quarrel with us. Do you think our remedies are quite as disproportionate as that, Mr. Farley?"

"Civilisation is a fruit which ripens slowly," said Farley. "Perhaps we have no more than the merest bud to show at present. We are hardly likely to hasten the growth of the fruit by tearing the bud open."

"If you like to speak in parables," said Dobroski, "I will give you a parable older than your own. 'A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard, and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none. Cut it down. Why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it. And if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.'"

"You see, Mr. Dobroski," returned Austin, after another little interval of silence, "our similes will not go on all fours. Society is, of course, your fig-tree. Has it borne no fruit—no ripe and wholesome fruit, on which the bodies and souls of men alike can flourish?"

"What does it bear now?" asked Dobroski, in his pathetically quiet voice. "You have looked—you have seen—you have felt! Deal truly with me, sir. You have gone about in the great towns of your own country, and have seen the squalor and degradation in which hundreds of thousands of your own people walk from the cradle to the grave. You have seen careless wealth side by side with all that misery. Dives feasts, and Lazarus does not even lie at his door that the dogs may lick his wounds, and that he may get the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. You have seen the joyless and brutalised crowd of England, and you have seen your English aristocracies of capital and race. They make but a little contrast in comparison with others. If things were no worse elsewhere they might yet be borne with for a little while, and yet are not the social divisions terrible enough with you?"

"Things are better than they were," said Austin. "They mend slowly, but they mend, and go on mending. Patience is the only gospel worth preaching."

"If you could see the hidden things of my own country, I wonder if you would preach patience still. Is there any conceivable point at which patience may rightly consider its resources exhausted?"

"I think so," said Austin, quietly. "I think, so far as I can learn, that the point has been reached once or twice in the history of the world. But I know that whenever it has been reached anarchy has strengthened conservatism. After all, you see, Mr. Dobroski, you must adapt your means to your end. If you want to reorganise society, you must convince society that it ought to be reorganised."

"Go on," interpolated Dobroski. "This is how I wish you to talk."

"I have nothing new to say," said Farley. "The question has been pretty fairly threshed out already. To kill a Czar is useless. You have no sooner killed one than, by that act, you have created another. And the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, even though the Church shelters nothing better than a Romanoff."

"It might come to this," said Dobroski, "that if no tyrant were allowed to live a day beyond his first act of tyranny, men might shrink from taking the tyrant's place."

"That would be a royal road to freedom, certainly," answered Farley.

"And a cheap one," said Dobroski, not noticing the quiet satire of the other's tone.

"And a cheap one beyond doubt, if it began and ended with the death of a mere score of tyrants. But, either by interest or attachment, there are men who love the tyrant as passionately as you hate him, and they will fight to the end. When you have assassinated a Czar, how have you advanced your cause? You have converted the mere passive sentiment of loyalty into a passion as vehement as your own. You have declared war, and your challenge is accepted. Your royal road is blocked sky high with corpses, and runs river deep in blood."

"It is a royal road, for all that," said the old man, with unmoved tranquillity. "How many a cul-de-sac, leading nowhere, has been blocked with dead at the command of these same tyrants? The human race must march. It has always marched through blood, but hitherto it has gone here and there in aimless zigzags, not knowing why it moved. The promise of Armageddon itself will not greatly alarm us if we can only see Liberty beyond it."

"If Armageddon is going to usher in the reign of universal felicity and liberty—the time when every man shall have twelve eggs in his basket, and all of them fresh—let us have it by all means, and get it over. But before you can have your Armageddon, you must have a few more on your side than the two or three score of enthusiastic gentlemen who at present desire it."

"We are not so weak as you fancy," said Dobroski. "Even a moderate estimate of our numbers might surprise you."

"Well," returned Austin, "you will still want a few more before you are ready for Armageddon, and in the mean time it is a matter of reason. You must educate until you get adherents enough, and, when you have fought and won, the conquerors will divide the spoils in proportion to their own personal capacities, somebody will proclaim himself protector, and will secure a court, an aristocracy, a bureaucracy, an army, and what not else that may be necessary; and then you may begin over again."

"Seriously," said Dobroski, looking sideways at him in the gathering dusk, "you think our cause a hopeless one?"

"Seriously," said Farley, in return. "I think human nature a very complex thing indeed. If you had merely to deal with Czars and Kaisers, you might do something. But you have to do with ambition and greed; you have to do with genius and stupidity, with capacities of all sorts and incapacities of all sorts. You have, in short, to deal with the heart and the head of universal man, and any scheme which has for its object the reforming of those complicated devices by gunpowder, cold steel, or dynamite, appears to me to have the general character of things very much against it."

"You think, then, that there must always be tyrants, and always slaves? That there is no deliverance for the world?"

"Think how young we are, Mr. Dobroski," said Austin. "The astronomers tell us that the earth will probably be habitable by man for some fifty millions of years to come. That is a long while. A good deal may happen in such a length of time. The millennium is ahead of us, perhaps; but neither you nor I will live to see it."

"Well," returned the old man as tranquilly as ever, "all this is excellent reasoning, Mr. Farley; but do you counsel that we should sit down and endure?"

"Not a whit. Chose the best weapons, and fight."

"What are your best weapons? Words?"

"With thoughts inside them, they have been found useful."

"Well, after all, we make our final as we make our first appeal to the reason of the reasonable. As a rule, we learn too little of the minds outside our own, and I am glad on many grounds to have this talk with you. The journals simply rave at us, and the philosophers

pretty generally offer us political economy. I am not accustomed to receive any invitation to discuss the chances of our crusade. You must know, Mr. Farley, that we expect present failure and present ignominy. We do not look for any reparation from the future, for before our cause can triumph our names will be no more recognisable than our dust. There are many amongst us who are younger and more hopeful than myself; but I am speaking now the thoughts of those who are old, and sobered by many disappointments. We are, for the most part, men who have suffered; and yet I will ask you to believe that we are not greatly moved by the desire for personal revenge."

"You have invited candour all along," said Farley. "All masses of men include many sorts of men."

"I cannot answer for all of my way of thinking, but I can speak for some whom I have known for years. The work will be long, and none of us who are alive now will reap any harvest but one of danger and distrust, and yet I can see the end coming nearer. We are stronger than we were. When your great Jew statesman told you a year or two ago that we honeycombed Europe, there were many foolish persons who laughed at him. Now, even the foolishest person knows that he was right."

"Are you united? Can you count upon each other?"

"We have two great aims at present," Dobroski answered with sudden dryness. "They are—to increase our numbers and resources, and to bind ourselves more firmly together."

"I shall not ask you to betray any secrets, Mr. Dobroski," said Austin with half a laugh. "But we hear all manner of unauthoritative strange rumours about you, and it would be interesting to know exactly what you propose to yourselves as an alternative to the existing state of things."

"Chaos, to begin with," returned the old man with perfect gravity and quiet. "The utter and final arrest of this diabolical Mill which grinds the souls and bodies of men and women."

"And after that?"

"Afterwards—what God wills."

"Or chance determines?"

"I have no great belief in chance, Mr. Farley," said the anarchist. "To be right is to win. To be wrong is to lose. To be right is to enlist the invisible hosts, and to be set beyond the risk of ultimate failure. To be right is to have nothing against you. To be right is to be assisted by your enemies."

"To the gallows or the stake pretty often, if history may be trusted."

"And still to be assisted. What does death matter? The cause is deathless if it be right, and if it be wrong, then are we of all men most miserable; for we have thrown away all, all, all, for a shadow, and to be put to silence is our best fate."

"You confess to a doubt then?"

"No. I admit, of course, the fallibility of personal judgment. But every man must do that which seems right in his own eyes, or earn his own curses and his own contempt."

"Well, Mr. Dobroski," said Austin rather wearily, "I have one comfort in all this, and without it I scarcely think I should have cared to carry our talk so far."

"And your comfort is—?" asked the old man.

"The absolute certainty of your failure."

"Ah!" said Dobroski quickly. "Are you so sure of that? Do you know how we have grown? Are you old enough to remember Mazzini's day?"

"You hit the very thing that was in my mind," said Farley. "If Mazzini were alive to-day the men who sympathised with him would dare to do it no longer. Your strength is your weakness. We could spare a sentimental hope or two to the lonely enthusiast, whose personal aims were all pure and single-hearted; but we dare extend no sympathy to the enthusiast who has forces behind him, and is ready to lead them on his own wild road to ruin and the breaking up of laws. If you had not an active abettor at this hour, sir—"

"Go on," said Dobroski in his unmoved voice.

"If you had not an active abettor at this hour, there are millions of men in Europe whose hearts would tingle at your story, and who would dare to grieve with you. But now we have to hold aloof. Thirty years ago your weakness was your strength. To-day your strength is the measure of your weakness."

"What is the so picturesque expression they use in Scotland?" answered Dobroski. "Ah, yes. Each man must dree his weird. Must dree his weird." He stopped short in the road, and laid a sudden hand on Farley's breast. "Sir," he said, with a tone of passion in his subdued voice, and a look almost of anguish in the mournful eyes that gazed at his companion's through the dusk, "I have no hourly hope or prayer but this:—that if I be at fault God may take me to Himself, and that if I be right I may live to see a little of the coming battle, and a man to follow me. What have I to gain?" he went on in a sudden vivid rage of self-justification, which, coming as it did after a tranquillity sustained so long, was all the more startling and passionate by contrast. "An old man near the grave." His passion had died as suddenly as it had sprung to life. "Sir, I have passed the age at which it is appointed to most men to live. I have been alone this thirty years. I have in this wide world but one creature for my heart to cling to, and she has no need of me. I would willingly lay down the burden of many years and many sorrows, but I have been preserved, as it has seemed to me, by miracle, and preserved, as I believe, for some good end. God does not cast aside the tools he uses, but when they have served their turn He lays them by. That I am not laid by is my best proof that my work is not yet done."

Whilst the two stood facing each other in the darkened road, Farley was conscious of an approaching step, and as the old man finished his speech, the foreign gentleman from the Hotel des Postes went by, and raised his hat in passing. He had gone but a yard when he turned and spoke, still hat in hand.

"Sweet—fine—night. Not?"

He spoke each word with a sort of questioning uncertainty, as if he sought it before using it, and was not quite sure of it, even then.

"A lovely night," said Farley, conscious of an unreasonable desire to assault the man.

"Loofy?" said the foreign gentleman, inquiringly. "Ah! Nice? Not?"

"Austin," said Mrs. Farley's voice from the darkness, twenty yards away; "do you hear the nightingales in the wood? Shall we go on? The moon is rising over the hill. See how white the sky is growing."

The foreign gentleman bowed and went on, passing Mrs. Farley and Fraser as they halted in the road.

"So—very—nice—night. Not?" said the foreign gentleman, hat in hand.

"Very nice," responded Mrs. Farley, and the amiable foreigner went his way.

"There's your spy, Farley," said Fraser, as Dobroski and the novelist came up together.

"I don't know why," said Farley, with an uncomfortable laugh, "but I detest that fellow."

"He's a simple specimen of Russian cunning," said Fraser. "What brings him here, wanderin' in the lanes and listenin' to the noightingales, when he ought to be keepin' an onwinkin' eye on old Dobroski?"

"Will you make me known to your friend, Mr. Farley?" asked Dobroski.

"This is Mr. Dobroski, Fraser," said Austin, with an acute sense of the embarrassment Fraser should have felt, but did not. "My

friend Fraser is a Member of the House of Commons, Mr. Dobroski. I had thought you knew each other, and had met already."

"I'm afraid I spoke of ye with a little undue familiarity, Mr. Dobroski," said Fraser, bowing and flourishing in the dark; "but ye won't mind that, I daresay. I'm deloyed and honoured beyond measure to meet ye, and if ye'll allow it, I'll call in the morning and present a few letters I have for ye from friends in England and Ireland."

"I shall be pleased to see you, sir," returned Dobroski. "Shall we walk a little further? The night promises to be extremely charming by-and-by." They went on in the same order as before, and the old anarchist laid a hand anew on Farley's arm, walking at a purposely slackened pace, until the figures of Fraser and Mrs. Farley were invisible except for the faint gleam of a white and fleecy wrapper which enveloped the lady's shoulders. "Is there anything in this?" he asked then, in a subdued voice.

"Nothing," said Austin, understanding him. "It was merely a fancy of mine, and Fraser was cracking a little jest about it. I said the fellow looked like a spy, and, half in earnest, that he might be watching you. It was a passing fancy, nothing more."

"I have talked with him," said Dobroski. "He seems a well-meaning stupid fellow. I do not think he is watching me. I have had some experience of that class of people, and I think I know a spy when I see him. I will show you one if you like."

They walked on, and in a little while the pale gold disc of the moon rose above the topmost trees of the wooded hill before them, and the air was filled with such a light as one sees in dreams.

"Oh, listen, Austin. Listen," cried Mrs. Farley, and all four stood still. Far away, but clear and distinct in the perfect stillness, a nightingale was singing as though he would pour his whole soul on the night and die. The shadows of the trees fell in clear-cut blackness on the whitened road, and the near wood rose like a wall of darkness.

Suddenly Farley felt Dobroski's hand tighten on his arm, and, turning, saw the old man staring intently into the darkness of the wood.

"I told you a little while ago that if you liked to see a spy I would show you one," said Dobroski. "Excuse me for a moment." Withdrawing his hand from Austin's arm, he walked leisurely forward, and a rustle immediately within the wood answered to his first footstep. He had gone but half a dozen paces when he dashed forward with a sudden and unexpected activity in the direction of the low continued rustle in the wood. Then he came back slowly, his footsteps rustling in the dead leaves of last year, and when he had reached the edge of the road, Austin saw that he held by the arm a man who came unresistingly, but sulkily, with him. "This," said Dobroski, "is the personage I spoke of." He added, with great composure, addressing himself rather to the man he held than to Farley, "I have ears like a fox and eyes like a cat, and I find them useful sometimes." The man stood doggedly staring at the road. "You may go," said Dobroski, releasing him. "A spy who is known is a spy defeated, and I knew you, my good friend, from the moment when you first set foot in the village. Go. Carry on your dirty trade elsewhere."

The man turned without a word or a look, and walked along the moonlit road towards the village.

Mrs. Farley and Fraser had heard the noise of Dobroski's sudden dash into the undergrowth, and rounded a corner of the road to see what had happened. The old man and the novelist were standing side by side in the moonlight, and a third figure was walking at a slow pace away from them.

"Didn't that fellow startle ye, Farley, jumping out loike that?" called Fraser.

"Not at all," said Dobroski. "We knew that he was there." He spoke in a lower tone to his companion. "I saw or heard him from the time at which I joined you this evening. I could not resist the temptation, but I have given myself a little unnecessary trouble. They will send a man in his place, and I shall have to be at pains to recognise him in turn."

(To be continued)



MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—A very useful addition to the already well-supplied school of four-part vocal music is "Marriott's Academy Album of Quartett and Part Songs," edited by Churchill Sibley, of which we have some very good examples before us. Nos. 1, 3, and 4 are arrangements of songs by Gerald M. Lane; they are entitled respectively "The Love of Old," "A Slumber Song," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," arranged by J. Troussel, who has also arranged No. 7, "I Wonder," by E. R. Marriott. This series is suitable for schools and choirs of average ability.—Gerald Lane has also written and composed six songs of medium merit, neither of which display any individual originality: they are published in two keys; "Only Dreaming" and "Home at Last" are commonplace though tuneful; "The Old, Old Song," which is the best of the group, and will command an encore as a rule; "My Love is Coming Soon," "Dawn at Last," and "When This Shall Be" will be easily learned, and as speedily forgotten. The same prolific composer has supplied the music for a vocal duet and two songs; the former is entitled "Morning," and would stand a better chance of success were it not that J. Hatton has already immortalised these charming words, which are by Sir William Davenant, and better known as "The Lark Now Leaves Her Watery Nest." The two latter are "Destiny," a dismal song, for which he has also supplied the words; and "The Fisherman," a cheerful little song of the seashore, written by "A. C."—There is much to commend in "Hearts and Castanets," a Spanish duet for two soprani, written and composed by Herbert Harraden and Ethel Harraden. This bright and showy duet will please at a people's concert as well as in the drawing-room.—Again comes the many-times-told tale of starvation culminating in death. "The Old Harpist," found dead holding the chords on his instrument, has been met with before more than once as an organist, violinist, &c.; the poetry is by A. St. J. Adcock, the music by Ethel Harraden.

MESSRS. AUGENER AND CO.—Cornelius Gurlitt, whose works are not as well known and appreciated as they deserve to be, has composed an overture, "Comedietta," of a very brilliant character, and has arranged it as a solo, duet, and quartet for the pianoforte; it is well worthy the attention of chamber-concert givers.—"Strauss Album," Books I. and II. will be welcomed by the young folks who admire the spirited and tuneful music of those dance-writing brothers, Johann, Josef, and Eduard.—Three duets for the pianoforte by M. Moszkowski deserve high commendation; they are respectively "Menuet," "Germany" (Deutschland), and "Russia" (Russland).—Of the same admirable type are two pianoforte pieces, by Xaver Scharwenka, "Polonaise et Mazurka," and "Impromptu."—A group of pieces for the pianoforte, which are of more than average merit, and will be equally welcome in the drawing-room as the schoolroom, consists of "The Mill" and "Barcarolle," by Ad. Jensen, the former is the easier of the two; "Hermit's Even Song," and "Im Rosen Monat," by Léon d'Ouvville; "Papillon et Cascade," by Maurice Lee, a light and showy piece; "Siegeslied" (Song of

Victory), by J. L. Roeckel; "Feu Follet," by Walter Brooks, and "La Gazelle," a "Galop Brilliant," by Léonard Gautier; "Canzonet," by George Graun; and by the same composer a canzonet for violin and pianoforte.—A very showy March, by R. Léonard, "The Tenth Hussar March," is more suitable for a band than a pianoforte solo; a very faithful portrait of the Prince of Wales adorns the frontispiece.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—In remembrance of the Bi-Centenary Handel Festival, this firm has just now brought out as the latest number of their Original Octavo Edition "Selection," which was performed at the Crystal Palace on June 24th, 1885. This was a happy thought, and has met with the success it deserves.

EARL SPENCER

EARL SPENCER is one of the members of the Upper House who have had the advantage of serving an apprenticeship in the Commons. Born fifty years ago, he was returned in his twenty-second year to represent the division of the County of Northampton, for which his half-brother, the Hon. Robert Spencer (affectionately known as "Bobby") now sits. Earl Spencer's experience of House of Commons' life was, however, unusually brief. Elected in April, 1857, his father died in December of the same year, and the young commoner found himself a peer. He did not in his earlier years take any active part in debates in the House of Lords. His most onerous public duties at this epoch were in connection with the office of Groom of the Stole, a position he filled in the household of the late Prince Consort. When the Prince Consort died Lord Spencer took the same office in the household of the Prince of Wales, retaining it till 1867.

In the next year he was called to office of a far different kind. When in 1868 Mr. Gladstone came into power at the head of an overwhelming majority he selected Earl Spencer as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This post Earl Spencer filled with usefulness and dignity till Mr. Gladstone's resignation in 1874. Those were the last moderately peaceful days of a long succession of Lords Lieutenant. Ireland was not nearly so prosperous as it is at the present time. But it was much quieter. When Lord Spencer made his entry into Dublin in January, 1869, Mr. Butt was the exponent of Parliamentary Opposition. The Lord Lieutenant was still received with signs of outward respect as he rode or drove through the streets of Dublin. Sedition had not yet taken the form of daily vilifying the Vice-Sovereign.

When in 1882 Earl Cowper, weary after two years' experience of Dublin Castle, resigned his office, Earl Spencer was induced to go back to the scene of his former labours. It was only by sacrifice of personal interests and inclination that he left the pleasant bustle of political life in the House of Lords and the joys of the London season, just then opening, to take up his residence in disturbed Ireland. His arrival in Dublin was marked by a memorable tragedy. On the morning of Saturday, the 6th May, 1882, he, in company with Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly-appointed Chief Secretary, rode through the streets of Dublin amid a storm of cheers, broken here and there by angry hisses. In the evening, Lord Frederick Cavendish lay dead on the sward in Phoenix Park, hacked by assassins' knives.

That was an episode which would have shaken the nerves of the bravest of men. Earl Spencer neither flinched then, nor on any subsequent occasion, from the path of duty. He remained quietly in Dublin, showing himself whenever duty called. But though the hand of the assassin has been kept off the Lord Lieutenant, the tongue of the slanderer has never ceased to pursue him. No English statesman since the days of Lord Bute has been subjected to such venomous misrepresentation as has followed Earl Spencer. Seditious prints, safe in the certainty that he was not to be goaded upon personal grounds into reprisals, have maligned and misrepresented him. Irish Members, equally safe behind the privileges of Parliament, have without circumlocution accused him of murder, bribery, and conspiracy. Yet Lord Spencer has never opened his lips in reproach or lifted his hand in reprisal. He has done his best for Ireland, carrying his life in his hand every day, and has received contempt for reward. In resigning the thankless and arduous task he has the satisfaction of knowing that his conduct, firm without obstinacy, gentle without weakness, uninspired by passion amid circumstances that would have provoked Job, has excited the admiration of his fellow-countrymen. Some day History will do him justice.

HENRY W. LUCY



WHEN so much intelligent English opinion is concentrated upon the events which have happened and are happening in Afghanistan, it is well to have before us a thoughtful and unbiased *résumé* of the problems which deeply concern all Englishmen. "Central Asian Questions" (Fisher Unwin), by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, is largely a collection of articles contributed by the industrious and accomplished author to various high-class English periodicals and newspapers. Mr. Boulger deals with the question of the importance of Candahar, Herat, and Merv. He is familiar with the earlier movements of the Mongols; and he tells us much that is valuable and entertaining about the remoter history of the Chinese. As he remarks, the future of Asia is evidently dependent upon the supremacy of the Russians, the Chinese, or the English. Mr. Boulger estimates highly the warlike capacity of the soldiers of Pekin, and he pays emphatic tribute to their pertinacity. His book is not unlikely to be a standard one for those who wish amid the buzz and bustle of party strife to form an opinion of their own on the perplexing issues involved in Central-Asian politics. Mr. Boulger thoroughly understands his subject, and is well-fitted to convey his information to the general public.

Messrs. F. V. White and Co. publish for Lady Constance Howard, "Etiquette: What to do, and How to do it." The authoress of "Mollie Darling" evidently rates not too highly the knowledge of the *convenances* possessed by ordinary mortals. For instance, she remarks, "On no account ever put a knife into the mouth, either in eating meat or cheese. It would be a mark of unpardonable vulgarity. No well-bred person, whether lady or gentleman, would ever dream of committing such an irreparable offence against all the accepted canons of etiquette and good taste." This is fairly good, but the following is better, having to do with the happy few who are brought near to Royalty:—"Do not whisper and giggle, and point at their Royal Highnesses; do not push, and knock, and pinch your neighbours, in your anxiety to get a good front place, and so see and be seen; and should you be called upon to present a bouquet to the Princess of Wales, or an address to the Prince of Wales, do it with a graceful curtsy, or a low bow, not as if you were bobbing down to recover something you have dropped." The most useful part of this amusing work is that relating to the proper pronunciation of some English words, mostly titular, which is calculated to drive to despair phonetic folk; but is yet perhaps of some practical value.

Mr. Percy Thorpe writes a "History of Japan" (F. V. White and Co.). He tells us something about the geographical configuration of the island and its mythological lore. Unhappily, with regard to this insular nation of the Western Pacific shore, the peculiarity of

their family names and of their general life makes it somewhat difficult for Europeans to feel an intelligent interest in their political movements. We have Mr. Thorpe at his best in his description of those recent occurrences which have ended by making Japan a member of the community of civilised nations. There are many, doubtless, to whom his book will convey information, and to whom it will be useful.

As a most valuable and interesting work we can cordially commend the "History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times," by Ernest Law, B.A. (George Bell and Sons). Mr. Law begins with the early history of the Manor of Hampton Court so far back as the Conquest; but the real fascination of his narrative begins with the purchase of the property by Cardinal Wolsey from the Knights Hospitallars of St. John. The story is so interesting that one can almost imagine oneself in the sixteenth century, and part of the home life of that masterful dynasty which governed England before the advent of the Stuarts. Mr. Law's work is made more vivid by one hundred and thirty autotypes, etchings, engravings, maps, and plans. Mr. Law is not so squeamish as to fail to provide us with some realistic details of the interior life of the Palace during the reign of Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. One is somewhat surprised at the patience of the English people in submitting to the lavish and reckless outlay on hospitalities and revelries which characterised the Tudor Princes. It is impossible in a paragraph to give any idea of the research and literary ability which unite themselves in Mr. Law's book; but it is eminently one to be read, and will find a place by no means to its disadvantage beside those of the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon treating of similar themes.

Appropriate to the political circumstances of the hour is "The Life and Speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.," by F. S. Pulling, M.A. (Sampson Low and Co.). The arrangement of these speeches leaves something to be desired. Mr. Pulling has so worked them into the life that it is difficult for the casual reader to at once discover what belongs to Lord Salisbury and what belongs to his biographer. Mr. Pulling would perhaps have done better if he had selected the prominent speeches and printed them with headings by themselves, supplying in the biography the connecting links between them. However, he has done the public a service in presenting it with a continuous narrative of the various incidents in the career and in collecting the utterances of the present Prime Minister. He will probably find a public, and deserves to do so for his patience and accuracy in the accomplishment of his task.

Quite another type of book is "The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey," by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I. (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.). The author was struck, in his reading of the past, with the way in which nearly all the most important parts of our history connect themselves in one way or another with the administration of criminal justice, and with the importance which, in writing history, attaches to a technical knowledge of law. He does not hold Hastings altogether innocent of the charges which were brought against him; but he defends both him and Impey against the imputations contained in the reckless invective of Burke. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen has studied and gone over the whole question with what he calls "a lawyer's eye," and the result is a most interesting work. Nearly every adult Englishman must have read Lord Macaulay's version of the offences of the master of Daylesford; and to every one of them the fair and dispassionate account, now published by the learned author, of the Nuncomar incident should be welcome. Sir J. F. Stephen promises us one day a complete life of Warren Hastings; and those who read this instalment of his purpose will await with impatience so monumental a record of one of the critical moments in the founding of our Indian Empire.

A Count Paul Vasilii has written a work, entitled "The World of London" (Sampson Low and Co.). It professes to contain information about "the Queen," "the Royal Family," "the Court," "Her Majesty's Household," "the Prime Minister," and so on. The author is gossiping and amusing, and sometimes, if we may permit ourselves to say so, impudent. At least, he says things which the good taste of the average collector of scandal—poor as his sense of delicacy may be—would restrain him from talking about. There are people who will buy Count Vasilii's book. They will not be much richer in any useful knowledge for their purchase.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt has compiled a deeply interesting biographical work in her "Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré" (Sampson Low and Co.). The material for it has been freely supplied by the artist's friends and relations. Miss Roosevelt knew Doré personally, and seems to have been in every way admirably qualified for the task she undertook. The details of Doré's early life, of his friendship with Théophile Gautier and others, are so given as to make a fascinating narrative. Doré was singularly child-like and simple-minded in his intercourse with his intimates, and was intensely sensitive to praise or blame. When very much pleased he was wont to perform acrobatic feats, walking on his hands and turning somersaults. In fact, he was almost as accomplished a gymnast as a painter. The relations between himself and his mother were touching and admirable. Miss Roosevelt has been able to secure for her book many of Doré's original unpublished sketches, and through the favour of publishers has adorned it with excellently chosen selections from his best published illustrations. She is to be congratulated on having written a biography in which, from the beginning to the end, there is not a dull page.

To all those engaged in the benevolent task of diffusing literary knowledge among the people the articles by Lady John Manners, reprinted from the *Queen*, and published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, should be exceedingly useful. Lady John Manners entitles the reprint "Some of the Advantages of Easily Accessible Reading and Recreation Rooms and Free Libraries." Her ladyship shows for how small a sum they may be started, and her suggestions for the selection of books are marked by good sense and sound judgment; and make of this work a useful handbook for the local committees or authorities which have charge of reading rooms and free libraries.

We have received from the Rev. A. Mearns "Light and Shade," printed by Messrs. Speaight and Sons for the London Congregational Union. The book is a series of pictures of London life as seen by the estimable and philanthropic folk who have superintended the benevolent activity of the mission at Colliers' Rents. Much of the matter in this volume originally appeared in the *Daily News*, the *Christian World*, and other papers; but it well bears reproduction. We have a sad picture of the sorrows and trials of the waifs who people our bridges when a happier London is lapped in comfortable slumber. Mr. Mearns' excellent compilation should do much to stimulate the liberality of the rich and the sympathetic.

Mr. F. W. Maitland contributes another valuable handbook to "The English Citizen Series," under the title of "Justice and Police" (Macmillan and Co.). He explains lucidly the meaning of "Civil and Criminal Justice," "The County Courts," "Civil Execution," and "Bankruptcy," and so on. Altogether he has contrived to treat a large subject clearly and comprehensively. His work well answers its purpose of popularising a branch of useful knowledge.

"The Decline and Fall of Whist" (G. E. Waters) is an amusing little book by the author of "Whist or Bumblepuppy," and will afford entertainment to the votaries of that absorbing game.

We have received from Messrs. J. and R. Maxwell "Biographies of Celebrities." We have already noticed previous instalments of this work. In that part of it devoted to actors and actresses we notice many errors, which betray carelessness in the editing and compilation.

THE GOLDEN GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH

ELEPHANT BEARING THE SACRED TOOTH

CASKET CONTAINING BUDDHA'S TOOTH IN THE TEMPLE OF
SALADA MALIGAWA

WORSHIPERS BEFORE THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHRINE
OF THE TOOTH



BLOOM MADE OF THE KING OF CAMBODIA'S
HAIR, AND PRESENTED AS A PIOT'S OFFERING
TO THE CHIEF TEMPLE OF BUDDHA IN CEYLON

ADVANCED-GUARD WITH KANDIAN WHIPS

BUDDHIST ECCLESIASTICAL BANNERS

THE PERRAHERRA, OR ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE SINGHALESE AT KANDY, CEYLON



MRS. ALEXANDER'S "A Second Life" (3 vols. : Bentley and Sons) is an admirable portrait gallery. All the *dramatis personæ* are so excellent, in their several ways, as studies of more or less eccentric character that it is almost invidious to enumerate any as especially noteworthy. The most original, however, are that plain-featured, good-hearted, sympathetic oddity, Peter Gribble : the irascible Mrs. Egerton : and the charmingly feather-brained and amiably selfish Gwen Ferrers. Those who take the more serious and conventional parts are also quite worthy of the companionship of those who support the comedy of the story. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that the imaginary actors, being in every respect so efficient and so interesting in themselves, are provided with such meagre parts wherein to display their excellences. "A Second Life" is a conspicuous instance in which the matter of three volumes would have been improved by compression into one. As it stands, there is far too much of what must still be called padding, in spite of its superiority to what is usually known by that title, and, by having to be spread and beaten out, the plot becomes shadowy and vague. Altogether the interest of the novel, which is considerable, depends upon what the various characters are, rather than upon anything they do or experience.

"The Golden Milestone: Some Passages in the Life of an ex-Confederate Officer," by Scott Graham (1 vol. : Wyman and Sons), is calculated to mislead by means of its title. It is not a story of the American Civil War, but of the fortunes of an English family in England, who were dispossessed of great estates by an unexpected claimant from Virginia. That the incidents are anything but common-place may be judged from the fact that an obscure and poverty-stricken music-master in a little country town suddenly surprises his hitherto contemptuous and slanderous neighbours by developing into the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office in Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. The Virginian, though the very ideal of a chivalrous and self-sacrificing gentleman, is somewhat oppressively faultless, while his contrast and foil, Lord Marazion—a Marquis, of course—is too complete a villain. But the other characters are satisfactorily human in their several mixtures of strength and weakness, sense and folly. The best part of the novel, by far, is that which deals with the grotesque humours of the little town which entertained angels unawares, and treated them scurvily. The author appears to be completely at home in West-lake society : and the rough diamond of a churchwarden, Mr. Sykes, is no less lifelike than the fussy gossip, Lucy Mansfield. There is little art or skill in the construction of "The Golden Milestone" : but it is interesting on the whole, often amusing, and much lighter reading than its repulsive bulk promises.

"The Hall and the Mill have made England ; and they are both necessary to keep England what it is, the most industrious, the most practical, the most intelligent, the most courageous, the best bred, the most cultivated nation in the world." Readers accustomed to the general tone of international fiction will be agreeably surprised to meet with this passage in a novel called "Two Englishmen," by An American (1 vol. : Griffith, Farran, and Co.). It however represents the spirit of the entire work, which from its title-page mottoes to its finish, is a well-nigh exaggerated panegyric of the old country, in many respects at the expense of the new. With a little more dignity about the House of Commons, we should be not far short of perfection, so long as we retain our aristocratic traditions and sympathies. So writes our latest foreign critic, who seriously finds a charm even in the fogs of London. It seems ungracious, after all this, to add that he does not shine as a story-teller : and we wish it were possible for ordinary human nature to be as blind to defects as he. His characters are one and all far too much idealised to be personally interesting : he seems unaware that the effects of fiction are to be gained by individualising types, and not by giving surnames to abstractions. The bulk of incidents, especially those relating to his English hero's search for fortune in the West, have no connection with the plot or with one another—they have no bearing even as illustrations of opinions. Altogether the novel reads very like a note-book on social and political topics arranged in narrative form, and thereby lessened in value. Many of the passages, however, even when introduced as soliloquies or discussions under absolutely impossible conditions, are suggestive, and well worth the attention of all who are interested in comparing English with Transatlantic institutions.

"A Wayside Violet," by the author of "Fair Faces and True Hearts," &c. (1 vol. : Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), contains some amusing sketches of character—for instance, that of an eccentric old lady who collects fashionable bonnets that she never wears. There is no story worth mentioning, its place being taken by a profusion of small details of no particular interest in themselves. But they not infrequently display touches which suggest that the author is capable of both better and more ambitious work than this exceedingly slight production.

Miss M. Betham-Edwards has won a certain amount of reputation, and this is always assumed to entitle an author to descend to mere book-making now and then. But were her reputation as a novelist ten times as great, she would not be wise in playing with it as she does by publishing a volume of such stories as "The Flower of Doom ; or, The Conspirator" (1 vol. : Ward and Downey). In the matter of extravagance, it is on a level with Mr. Louis Stevenson's "Dynamiter," dealing with the same pleasant subject : but for efforts after humour Miss Edwards substitutes maudlin sentimentality carried to the last extreme. The plot is simply incomprehensible : but readers may take comfort in the assurance that it is quite obviously not worth comprehending. Among its many unsolved mysteries, its production by a writer of any practice and experience in the literary market is the greatest of all.

INDIA IN THE NEW CONSOLIDATED EMPIRE OF ENGLAND

Now that the question of the consolidation of the Queen's Empire is assuming a practical form, it is worth while considering what part Hindostan may be expected to play in the Confederation of Colonies and States. There are two factors of the desired unity in which India is especially rich—men and money ; and the problem is, how these are to be turned to the best advantage. No colony, no state in the projected new Empire has such enormous resources in the way of cheap fighting men as India, for there can be little doubt that out of her huge population of 260 millions, or thereabouts, it would be quite possible to raise an army of a million choice troops, with another million to back them, if necessary, and without the population feeling the strain of military service over much. In fact, so great is the population, and so poor the great bulk of it, that military service of any kind would be gratefully accepted, and that, too, on wages at which the Canadian, Australian, or Briton would turn up his nose in disgust ; an Indian soldier being glad enough to serve on the small pay of ten rupees a month, or say, 12*l.* per annum, out of which income he feeds himself, and often a considerable family besides.

Except in the Russian Army, perhaps, there are no such cheap men-at-arms as in India, and we believe that it is the dream of

some Russian Generals to overrun Asia with Indian levies whenever we are silly enough to let India fall into their clutches. Of these millions a magnificent army might be produced. If it is borne in mind that Indian soldiers have often fought both Englishmen and Frenchmen bravely, and have been conquered only by the superior science of the latter, it is only fair to assume that they would hold their own on any European battle-field, especially when led by British officers, and when brigaded with British regiments. Sikhs, Goorkahs, and Afghans, fine men as they are, are not the only choice soldiers we have in India, though more commonly spoken of than any other. All parts of India, from Peshawar to Cape Comorin, and Bombay across to Madras, can produce first-class food for powder, not inferior to Turks ; and we know that the Turks have frequently proved themselves quite as good soldiers as the Russians.

India possesses another great advantage besides numbers and economy, as a recruiting field for Imperial forces ; it possesses races inured to every extreme of climate. There are probably no troops in the world better fitted to endure the snows of a European winter than the hardy races of the North of India, and none less likely to suffer from the heat of tropical service than the Madrasses and the peoples of Western India. We have men in Hindostan fitted for every description of duty, and wide as is the Empire on which the sun never sets there is not a country or climate "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand" that we cannot find a man to match it within the borders of Hindostan. This is an immense advantage in itself, because our armies have to serve in all climates, and it ought to put an end to the common fallacy entertained in England that Indian troops cannot serve out of India because almost any other place would be too cold for them.

There is yet another advantage claimed for the free employment of Indian troops on foreign service—that is to say, in the Colonies, Mediterranean, and even Europe—it would open an outlet for the restrained military spirit of the people. It is easy to conceive that there must be a good deal of the adventurous and the bellicose spirit in, say, at least fifty millions of the able-bodied male population of India ; but we can only satisfy this craving for action to the extent of less than two hundred thousand men enlisted in our native armies. Thousands and thousands of born soldiers can find no employment for their swords, and turn to agricultural pursuits in disgust, as something unbecoming their aspirations and military descent. For such men—north, south, east, and west—general service all over the world would be an immense boon, while it will always be better to have men of this stamp on our side than against us. Here, too, would be a magnificent and welcome opening for the younger sons of Indian chiefs and landowners of high degree. These young men have now no employment or career suited to their taste. Like the cadets of our own noble Houses, they sigh for the profession of arms ; but it is practically closed to them. Give them commissions in a general service army of their own people, and they will be happy. Nor could the same objections be brought against that measure in the case of foreign service that might be brought against it locally.

There has always been some prejudice evinced against the employment of Indian troops in foreign garrisons. But the prejudice is absolutely and wholly founded on mere speculation. Until Lord Beaconsfield's famous expedition to Malta of Indian troops no one could say for certain how the thing would work, because no Indian troops had ever been so employed before. Well, what happened at Malta ? The Maltese, as every one knows, are conservative and patriotic in the last degree, and a better colony or quarter could not have been selected to test the supposed prejudice of Europeans against a coloured garrison. Here, at all events, there should have arisen a tempest in a teapot on the score of "black troops ;" but, instead of being disgusted, the Maltese were enchanted. They fraternised with Jack Sepoy, even as Jack of the navy and Tommy Atkins of the army fraternised with him, and the Sepoys had such a good time generally that they still speak of Malta with respect. In effect it could hardly be otherwise, for there is no more sober, civil, and well-conducted man in garrison than your Sepoy, or one less troublesome, take him all round. The British colonists in every part of the world have nothing to dislike or to dread from a portion of their military garrisons being formed of Indian troops.

On the contrary, they have much to gain, and it is pretty certain that they will admit as much whenever the experiment is tried. It is not, of course, proposed that the colonial garrisons should be entirely composed of Indian troops, or that we should leave to the "mild Hindu" the entire duty of fighting our battles. All that is contended for is, that in the trying times that seem to menace the British Empire, each British regiment should be strengthened by the addition of two, or at least one, regiment of Indian cavalry or infantry, thus doubling the fighting powers of the whole at the very smallest possible cost to every one. There are some colonies, such as New South Wales, South Africa, and garrisons like those in the Mediterranean, where the experiment might be tried, as an experiment, at first. If successful, it could be easily extended to other portions of the New Empire of Confederated States.

The money aspect of the question is also worth consideration. Although one set of publicists pretend that India is poor, and another set that she is rich, on one head there can be no doubt—that a great deal of money is wasted on the rabble armies of Native States. Lakhs upon lakhs are thrown away upon levies that are a source of weakness to the Empire, not a source of strength ; but a general service Indian Army might be expected to prevent something of this waste of force and money. The Native Princes would in many, if not in all, cases welcome the idea of their sons and relatives serving in a highly honourable position abroad, and if anything would induce them to forego the empty distinction of a rabble following of their own, it would be their close connection, through relatives and friends, with Imperial regiments, perhaps bearing their names, or the names of the States in which they were mainly enlisted. Let the chiefs of India once take up that idea, and the new Empire could easily get an addition of a hundred thousand good troops without the cost of a single additional penny to the taxpayer of India, or anywhere else. Moreover, service in such regiments abroad would amount to a liberal education for many young men of birth, position, and wealth in India, and tend to make them more contented with their lot than is the case with some of them at present. It is a magnificent thing to imagine the Queen-Empress at the head of Imperial forces from all quarters of the globe to which India would contribute a contingent of half a million of men ; but after all it is nothing impossible, or more impracticable than is actually done by the Czar with the numerous and varied subject-races of his vast dominions. All that is wanted is organisation to make India one of the most valuable contributories, in a military sense, to the Confederation now spoken of. It may be urged that a great host of Indians might prove dangerous by getting out of control, and the objection would be reasonable if a great army was kept in idleness in India. But the colonies and garrisons of Great Britain could certainly employ 100,000 men more than we have at present even in time of peace, and quite three times that number in war.

Lately our wars have been all "Expeditions," in which small armies were more handy than large ones ; but sooner or later we shall have to confront some great European Power able to place half a million of men in the field, and it is to be hoped that we shall not then have to recognise the verity of the Great Frederick's maxim, that Providence is on the side of big battalions. Where, indeed, can we so easily find the material for a great army so ready

to hand as in India ? Nowhere are wages so cheap and men so plentiful ; but to develop the resources of Hindostan in this direction a perfect organisation for peace and for war is necessary. That this would cost money goes without saying, but that the expenditure would repay itself there is little doubt. India would pay more than this for a leading place in the Confederation of States, and it would be really a cheap way of staving off the Russian menace. Russia is aggressive now because she knows that we have but few men, but let her face such an army as is here spoken of if she dare. China, India, and even Persia would laugh in Russia's face if we really had the organisation that is now so much needed.

F. E. W.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE writer of "Conan, Lady Bride, and Other Poems," by the author of "Mainoc," &c. (Pickering), has, like so many youthful versifiers, fallen into the error of supposing the octosyllabic measure an easy one to write, and the results have followed which might have been expected. "Conan" is bald to a degree, and in it, as elsewhere, the author shows a tendency to sacrifice clearness of diction to mere sound. It is a rather stupid story, related by a ghost, of love, war, death, and so on, the scene being laid in early Saxon times. "Lady Bride" is, if not very original in conception, rather better worked out, and some of the stanzas only just miss being good. The little volume can hardly look for more than a reputation amongst friends.

A very juvenile production is "Poems," by Lewis Gidley (Oxford : Parker). The author is, probably, a smart undergraduate, judging, amongst other things, by the liberality with which he besprinkles his pages with Amphitrite, Iris, the Naiads, and other friends of our studious youth. His heroics also smack strongly of the prize poem, and one wonders whether Charlotte was not jealous of Adèle, Ianthe, and Co., for the list of Mr. Gidley's attachments would have gladdened the heart of Leporello ! As for the verses generally, they are neither better nor worse than most clever boys write before they have found out that they are not poets ; but reminiscences of Mr. Lewis Carroll haunt us on coming across such a string of epithets as "harsh, strange, uncouth, misshapen, dreary, lone," applied to some fallen rocks by the sea shore. The volume has, it would seem, reached a second edition.

The honours of a second edition have also fallen, and justly so, we think, to "Lawyers and Their Victims," a satire, by Lindon Meadows (Kiddway). The brochure is bitter, of course, but, as too many can testify, by no means unjustifiably so ; and Mr. Meadows shows at the end that he can fully appreciate and respect honest legal practitioners. The satiric verse is unusually well written.

Picturesque description conveyed in musical verse is the distinguishing feature of "Bits of Brazil, the Legend of Lilith, and Other Poems," by John Cameron Grant (Longmans). The glimpses of tropical scenery are delightful, but the author rather mars their effect at times by a tendency to repetition. We get a little tired of praises of the areca palm, and will take Mr. Grant's word for it that canoes drawn up on the bank look like alligators, without having the fact so often impressed upon us. Two of the best pieces are that dreamy one, "Sunset Still," and "Storm Staid," passages in which have our fullest sympathy. Nothing could be better of its kind than this :—

O what it is to feel the great warm sun
Serve you for clothes for all your nakedness,
The warm sand when you want a coverlid,
The great warm sea, a happy world, wherein
You float, and roll, and swim, and dive, and float,
And then let any wave just take you up
And cast you on the shore and play with you,
A great Sea Mother with her child—

The ending, too, of this poem is particularly good. In "Lilith" we find the old Rabbinical legend gracefully and ingeniously worked out in connection with that strange sensation of pre-existence which most of us have felt, but which even Sir Henry Holland failed to explain fully. The book, as a whole, is worth reading, but, in the light of actual experience, "England : April, 1885," reads somewhat like sarcasm !

"Sent Back by the Angels, and Other Ballads of Home and Homely Life," by Frederick Langbridge (Leeds : J. S. Fletcher), will be recognised as the work of an author who has already shown himself admirably fitted to be the laureate of those humbler brethren whom he so well understands and so lovingly sympathises with. The ballads, many of which have appeared in current periodicals, are supposed to treat of the Midland Counties, but Mr. Langbridge has wisely avoided encumbering them with dialect, and the sentiments might appeal to any part of the country. We like best the piece which names the volume—with its quaint mixture of humour and pathos—"Sammy," "Amos Dunn's Wooing," that gruesome piece "Seth Baker," and, by far the best of all, "Sam Green's Love." But where all are so good, it is difficult to make choice.

The third book is before us "Glenaveril ; or, the Metamorphoses," by the Earl of Lytton (Murray), and although the first canto, in which Ivor meets Cordelia, rather flags, the remaining three fully keep up the interest of the romance. As we feared, the curse of Glenaveril falls upon Emanuel, and his death, which is described with real power, seems likely to lead to some extremely awkward complications. The legend of "Marietta's Needle" is one of the best things in the book, and leads up to the catastrophe well ; but stanza xvi. contains a metrical blunder which might surely have been avoided. Interest is now awakened to know what steps old Edelrath will take.

In the series known as the "Canterbury Poets" we have now "The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton," edited by John Richmond (Walter Scott). The editor is an uncompromising champion of the unhappy boy, but we fear he will not find many adherents in the present day. We need not inquire into the merits of "The Balade of Charitie," which *may* contain all the beauties which its admirers profess to find, nor stay to consider whether Chatterton really invented the rhyming octosyllabic metre. But when Mr. Richmond asserts that "he has realised for us the mediæval life, as Keats has realised the Hellenic," we must remark that this is exactly what Chatterton has *not* done, and seems to have been incapable of doing—his would-be chivalry is no more like the real thing than the Lord Mayor's Show is like a tournament. Witness that doleful production, "The Bristowe Tragedy," probably the worst attempt, even for that age, at an imitation of the old ballads, not excepting "The Friar of Orders Grey." What little interest might otherwise still have attached to the so-called "Rowley Poems" is in great measure destroyed by attempts at modernisation.

Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen has written a new volume of poems under the title of "In Cornwall and Across the Sea" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.). The descriptions of Cornish and tropical scenery are often peculiarly happy, Mr. Sladen producing here and there a vivid portraiture of what he has seen in one or two rhythmical lines. His verse will probably find a wide circle of appreciative readers, especially in the localities whose beauties or whose legends he sings.

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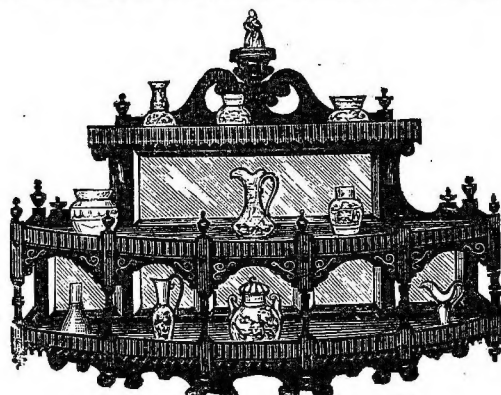
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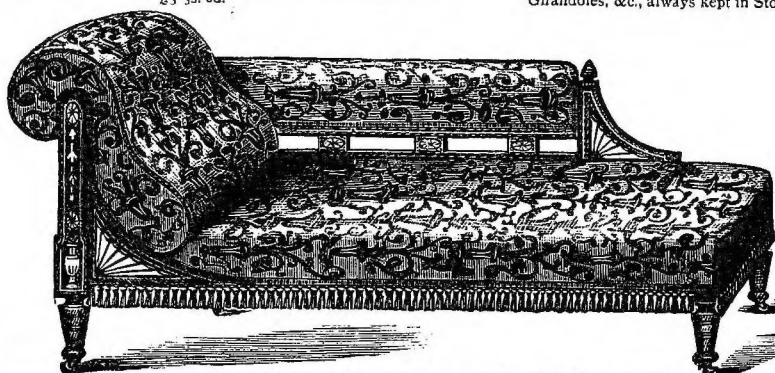
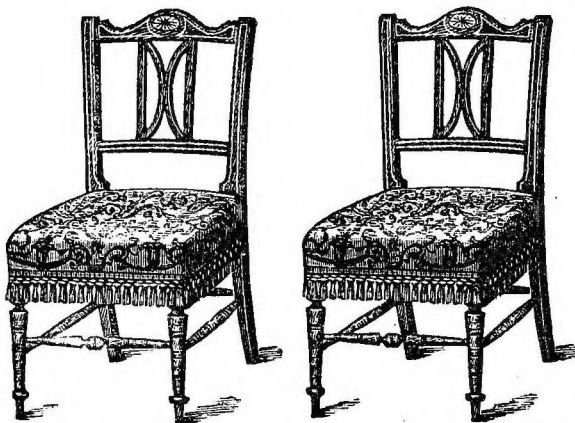
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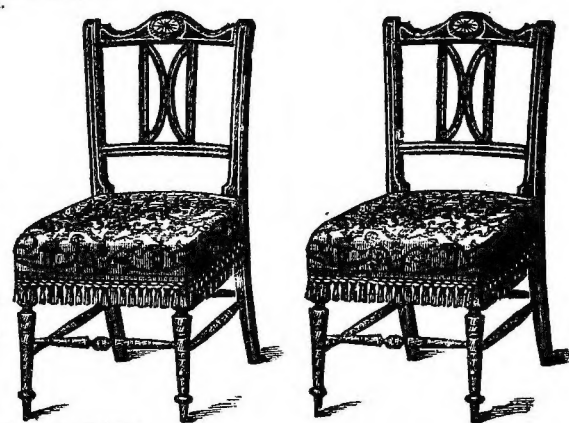
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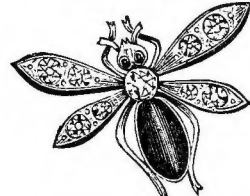
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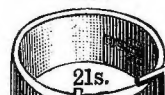
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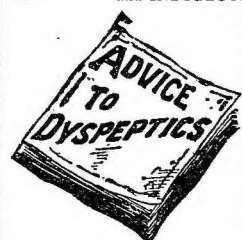
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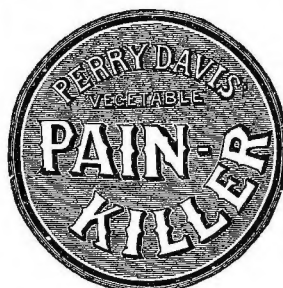
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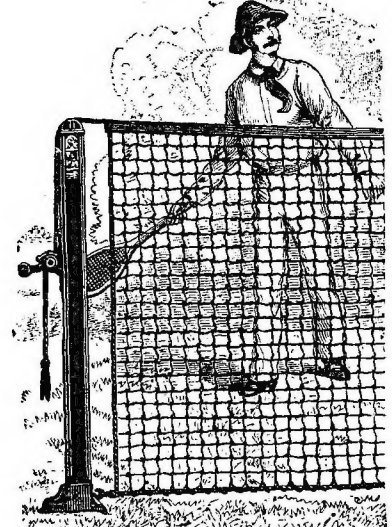
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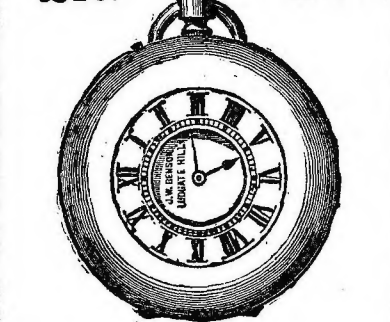


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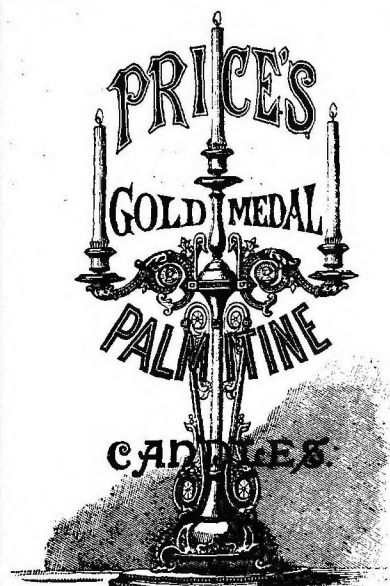
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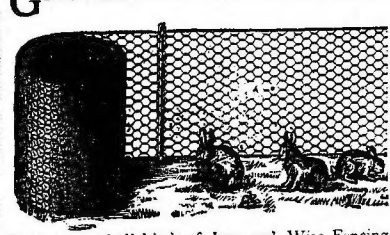
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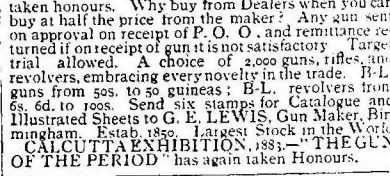
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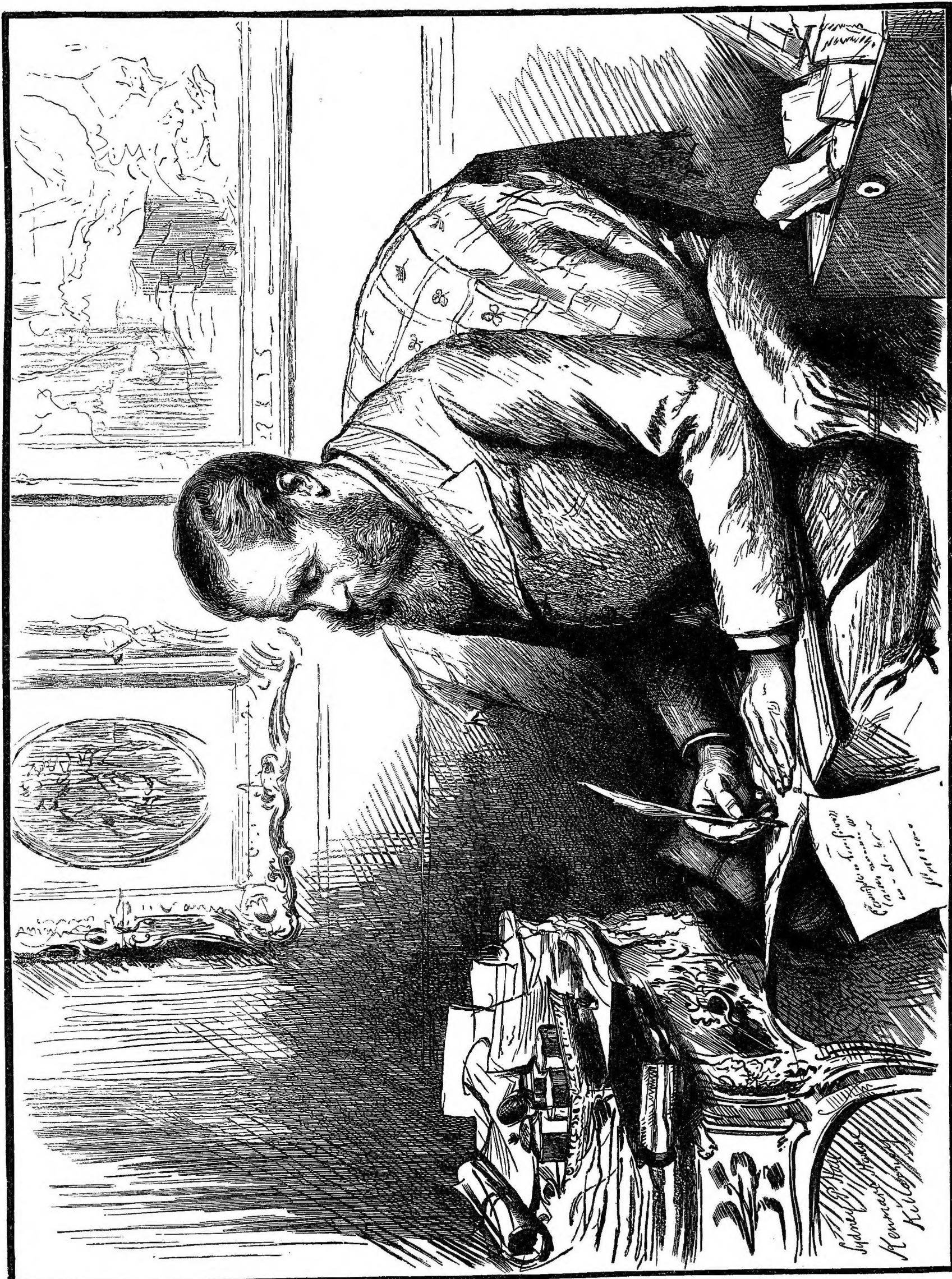
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